

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Private Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, Lady's Maid to Madame de Pompadour.* Post 8vo. pp. 182. London, 1825. E. Wilson.

THE history of a royal favourite, in a country like that of France, where the influence of a mistress had so much share, not only in directing the conduct of the sovereign, but the councils of the nation, necessarily partakes of a political character, and embraces much of the public history as well as the private scandal of the time. Madame du Hausset was *dame d'honneur* to Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. She was so much in the confidence of both, that the king did not restrain conversation in her presence, but said, he could talk on as if there was only a cat or a dog in the room, and she was often only separated from the little and obscure chamber of the king by a slight door or curtain, which enabled her to hear all that was said. To these opportunities of acquiring information, Madame du Hausset added another: she had, for a *cher ami*, Dr. Quesnay, who was physician to Madame Pompadour. With these facilities, she could not fail of becoming well acquainted with the court of Louis XV. of which she gives a very lively picture in her *Private Memoirs*.

Madame du Hausset used to make notes daily of what passed under her notice, and afterwards filled up the outline in a narrative, without ever attending strictly to the order of the occurrences; this journal, which was found in manuscript, among the papers of M. de Marnigni, the brother of Madame de Pompadour, has been arranged for the press and published. It contains a more faithful picture of the court of Louis XV. than many larger works on this subject; and that the details are often curious will be seen from our extracts. The system of violating private confidence, by opening letters at the post-office, has prevailed in France since the time of M. de Choiseul, who was post-master-general during the reign of Madame de Pompadour—we beg pardon—of Louis XV. Madame du Hausset says:—

“I have heard that M. de Choiseul abused the confidence reposed in him, and related to his friends the ludicrous stories, and the love affairs, contained in the letters which were broken open. The plan they pursued, as I have heard, was very simple. Six or seven clerks of the post-office picked out the letters they were ordered to break open, and took the impression of the seals with a ball of quicksilver. They then put each letter, with the seal downwards, over a glass of hot water, which melted the wax without injuring

the paper. It was then opened, the desired matter extracted, and it was sealed again, by means of the impression. This is the account of the matter I have heard. The post-master-general carried the extracts to the king, on Sundays. He was seen coming and going on this noble errand as openly as the ministers. Dr. Quesnay, often, in my presence, flew in such a rage about that infamous minister, as he called him, that he foamed at the mouth. “I would as soon dine with the hangman as with the post-master-general,” said the doctor. It must be acknowledged that this was astonishing language to be uttered in the apartments of the king's mistress; yet it went on for twenty years without being talked of. “It was probity speaking with earnestness,” said M. de Marnigni, “and not a mere burst of spite or malignity.”

Louis XV. is described as of a very melancholy temperament, and fond of talking about funerals and places of burial. Madame de Pompadour was much afraid of losing the king's favour, and Louis XV. was not very faithful in his attachments. Alluding to an interview with her mistress, Madame du Hausset says:—

“I one day said to her, ‘it appears to me, madame, that you are fonder than ever of the Countess d'Amblimont.’—“I have reason to be so,” said she. “She is unique, I think, for her fidelity to her friends and for her honour.—Listen, but tell nobody—four days ago, the king, passing her to go to supper, approached her, under the pretence of tickling her, and tried to slip a note into her hand. D'Amblimont, in her madcap way, put her hands behind her back, and the king was obliged to pick up the note, which had fallen on the ground. Gontaut was the only person who saw all this, and, after supper, he went up to the little lady, and said ‘You are an excellent friend.’—‘I did my duty,’ said she, and immediately put her finger on her lips to enjoin him to be silent. He, however, informed me of this act of friendship of the little heroine, who had not told me of it herself.” I admired the countess's virtue, and Madame de Pompadour said, “She is giddy and headlong; but she has more sense and more feeling than a thousand prudes and devotees. D'Esparbès would not do as much—most likely she would meet him more than half way. The king appeared discontented, but he still pays her great attentions.”—“You will, doubtless, madame,” said I, “show your sense of such admirable conduct.” “You need not doubt it,” said she, “but I don't wish her to think that I am informed of it.” The king, prompted either by the remains of his liking, or from the sug-

gestions of Madame de Pompadour, one morning, went to call on Madame d'Amblimont, at Choisy, and threw round her neck a collar of diamonds and emeralds, worth between two and three thousand pounds. This happened a long time after the circumstance I have just related.

Some of the amours of the king, at the Parc-aux-cerfs, had a melancholy issue, as will be seen by the following narrative:—

“At the time of the attempt to assassinate the king, a young girl, whom he had seen several times, and for whom he had manifested more tenderness than for most, was distracted at this horrible event. The mother-abbess of the Parc-aux-cerfs perceived her extraordinary grief, and managed so as to make her confess that she knew the Polish count was the King of France. She confessed that she had taken from his pocket two letters, one of which was from the King of Spain, the other from the Abbé de Broglie. This was discovered afterwards, for neither she nor the mother-abbess knew the names of the writers. The girl was scolded, and M. Lebel, first valet-de-chambre, who had the management of all these affairs, was called; he took the letters, and carried them to the king, who was very much embarrassed in what manner to meet a person so well informed of his condition. The girl in question, having perceived that the king came secretly to see her companion, while she was neglected, watched his arrival, and, at the moment he entered with the abbess, who was about to withdraw, she rushed distractedly into the room where her rival was. She immediately threw herself at the king's feet. “Yes,” said she, “you are king of all France; but that would be nothing to me if you were not also monarch of my heart: do not forsake me, my beloved sovereign; I was nearly mad when your life was attempted!” The mother-abbess cried out, “You are mad now.” The king embraced her, which appeared to restore her to tranquillity. They succeeded in getting her out of the room, and a few days afterwards the unhappy girl was taken to a madhouse, where she was treated as if she had been insane, for some days. But she knew well enough that she was not so, and that the king had really been her lover. This lamentable affair was related to me by the mother-abbess, when I had some acquaintance with her, at the time of the accouchement I have spoken of, which I never had before, nor since.”

But we have no wish to dwell on the amours of princes; the court of Louis XV. had political as well as other intrigues:—

“M. Quesnay told me, some months afterwards, that the abbé wanted to be prime



minister; that he had drawn up a memorial, setting forth, that in difficult crises the public good required that there should be a *central point* (that was his expression), towards which everything should be directed. Madame du Pompadour would not present the memorial; he insisted, though she said to him, *you will ruin yourself*. The king cast his eyes over it, and said, "*central point*,"—that is to say himself, he wants to be prime minister." Madame tried to apologize for him, and said, "That expression might refer to the Marshal de Belle-Isle."—"Is he not just about to be made cardinal?" said the king. "This is a fine manœuvre: he knows well enough that, by means of that dignity, he would compel the ministers to assemble at his house, and then M. l'Abbé would be the *central point*. Wherever there is a cardinal in the council, he is sure, in the end, to take the lead. Louis XIV., for this reason, did not choose to admit the cardinal de Janson into the council, in spite of his great esteem for him. The Cardinal de Fleury told me the same thing. He had some desire that the Cardinal de Tencin should succeed him; but his sister was such an intrigante, that Cardinal de Fleury advised me to have nothing to do with the matter, and I behaved so as to destroy all his hopes, and to undeceive others."

The celebrated Mirabeau seems to have foreseen the excesses to which the philosophers would go in France, even before Louis XV. died. In a conversation with Quesnay, the latter alluded to the philosophers:—

"But they go too far," said Mirabeau; "why openly attack religion?"—"I allow that," replied the doctor; "but how is it possible not to be rendered indignant by the fanaticism of others, and by recollecting all the blood that has flowed during the last two hundred years? You must not then again irritate them, and revive in France the time of Mary in England. But what is done is done, and I often exhort them to be moderate; I wish they would follow the example of our friend Duclos."—"You are right," replied Mirabeau; "he said to me, a few days ago, 'These philosophers are going on at such a rate, that they will force me to go to vespers and high mass;' but, in fine, the dauphin is virtuous, well-informed, and intellectual."—"It is the commencement of his reign, I fear," said Quesnay, "when the imprudent proceedings of our friends will be represented to him in the most unfavourable point of view; when the Jansenists and Molinists will make common cause, and be strongly supported by the dauphiness. I thought that M. de Mury was moderate, and that he would temper the headlong fury of the others; but I heard him say that Voltaire merited condign punishment. Be assured, sir, that the times of John Huss and Jerome of Prague will return: but I hope not to live to see it. I approve of Voltaire having hunted down the Poinpignans: were it not for the ridicule with which he covered them, that bourgeois marquis would have been preceptor to the young princes, and, aided by his brother, would have succeeded in again lighting the faggots of persecution."

At the court of Louis XV. was a singular charlatan, said to be a bastard son of the King of Portugal, and a worthy predecessor of the notorious Cagliostro:—

The Count de St. Germain pretended to have already lived two thousand [years], and, according to him, the account was still running. He went so far, as to claim the power of transmitting the gift of long life. One day, calling upon his servant to bear witness to a fact that went pretty far back, the man replied, "I have no recollection of it, sir; you forget that I have only had the honour of serving you for five hundred years."

St. Germain, like all other charlatans of this sort, assumed a theatrical magnificence and an air of science calculated to deceive the vulgar. His best instrument of deception was the phantasmagoria; and as, by means of this abuse of the science of optics, he called up shades which were asked for, and almost always recognised, his correspondence with the other world was a thing proved by the concurrent testimony of numerous witnesses.

He played the same game in London, Venice, and Holland, but he constantly regretted Paris, where his miracles were never questioned.

St. Germain passed his latter days at the court of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, and died at Plewig, in 1784, in the midst of his enthusiastic disciples, and to their infinite astonishment at his sharing the common destiny.

The count used to amuse himself, as he said, not by making, but by letting it be believed that he lived in old times; he also pretended to remove spots from diamonds and to make pearls grow. One day,—

The king ordered a diamond, of middling size, which had a spot, to be brought. It was weighed; and the king said to the count, "It is valued at two hundred and forty pounds; but it would be worth four hundred if it had no spot. Will you try to put a hundred and sixty pounds into my pocket?" He examined it carefully, and said, "It may be done; and I will bring it you again in a month." At the time appointed, the count brought back the diamond, without a spot, and gave it to the king. It was wrapped in a cloth of amianthus, which he took off. The king had it weighed, and found it but very little diminished. The king sent it to his jeweller, by M. de Gontaut, without telling him anything of what had passed. The jeweller gave three hundred and eighty pounds for it. The king, however, sent for it back again, and kept it as a curiosity. He could not overcome his surprise, and said, that M. de St. Germain must be worth millions, especially if he had also the secret of making large diamonds out of a number of small ones. He neither said that he had, nor that he had not; but he positively asserted, that he could make pearls grow, and give them the finest water.

Louis XV. did not wish Damiens even to have been executed for the attempt on his life, and must have been disgusted with the tortures to which the wretch was subjected. Madame du Hausset says:—

"When he spoke of Damiens, which was

only while his trial lasted, he never called him anything but *that gentleman*.

"I have heard it said that he proposed having him shut up in a dungeon for life; but, that the horrible nature of the crime made the judges insist upon his suffering all the tortures inflicted upon like occasions. Great numbers, many of them women, had the barbarous curiosity to witness the execution; amongst others, Madame de P—, a very beautiful woman, and the wife of a farmer-general. She hired two places at a window for twelve louis, and played a game of cards in the room whilst waiting for the execution to begin. On this being told to the king, he covered his eyes with his hand, and exclaimed, "*Fi, la vilaine!*" I have been told that she and others thought to pay their court in this way, and signalize their attachment to the king's person."

Madame du Hausset's memoirs do not come down to the death of Madame du Pompadour, but break off rather abruptly; they are, however, very interesting, and we believe their veracity is strictly unimpeachable.

*Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, &c.*  
(Concluded from p. 330.)

In the course of the route taken by Major Long and the rest of the expedition, various tumuli were discovered; and these Indian works were traced from Irville, in Ohio, to the head of the Red River, a distance of upwards of eight hundred miles in a direct line, but nearly double that extent, according to the devious route that was taken by the expedition. Of these tumuli Mr. Keating says:—

"We have occasionally met with them very abundantly, bearing evident signs of the most consummate design, and yet we are as unable to form a correct estimate of the authors of these extensive works, of the period at which they were executed, and of the objects for which they were erected, as of any of the travellers who have preceded us. If for the purpose of commemorating the names and heroic deeds of warriors or statesmen, how inadequate the means to the object proposed!—how inferior in this respect to the splendid and permanent pyramids of Cheops, of Cholula, of Teotihuacan! yet the labour which has been wasted upon these tumuli would, if concentrated, have more than sufficed to erect any one or perhaps all those pyramids. In looking back to the numerous tumuli which we have seen, we cannot help admitting, in the words of one of our fellow-travellers, that "the splendid antiquities of the East ministered to the pride of man: they are glorious trophies of victory, gained by human genius and power over time. History tells us the interesting circumstances connected with them; they, in turn, confirm her story: but here ferocious conquerors have torn her pages, or they remain unfilled by a posterity forgetful that it is a duty to cherish her, not only for instruction's sake, but also that the benefactors of mankind may receive their merited share of fame, and that the censure of after ages may light upon those who have

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proved the tyrants of their species. Here we find nothing to rescue 'ab injuriâ oblivio- nis.' So rude and concise are the epitaphs—so faint and time-worn the characters on these tombs, that we strain our eyes in vain; we can read no farther than the 'Hic jacet—'."

Major Long and his companions were threatened by a party of Dakota Indians, who wanted to rob them of their baggage; but their firmness saved it:—

"It may be interesting to mention, that the Dakotas have means of communicating information to those of their party that are at a distance. We had an opportunity of observing these telegraphic communications in more than one instance. In this case, in order to inform the mounted Indians that were seen at a distance on the prairie that we were white men, and that they might approach without fear, a few of them separated from the group, and ran round a circle several times, a signal which was immediately understood by their friends."

The buffalo was formerly found throughout the whole of the United States, with the exception of that part which lies east of Hudson's River and Lake Champlain, and of narrow strips of coast on the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico; but, like the Indians, it is becoming extinct, as the country becomes populated; indeed, at present the buffalo is scarcely ever seen, east of the Mississippi, and south of the St. Lawrence: every year the roving of this animal are restricted. Mr. Keating recommends the domesticating the buffalo bull, or crossing the breed with the European ox:—

"The difficulty of killing this animal is very great, and may be judged of by the fact that Mr. Peale fired fourteen balls into the chest of a buffalo before he killed him; and Mr. Scott, with a view to ascertain whether a ball fired at the head would break the frontal bone, discharged his rifle at a dead bull, within ten paces; the ball did not penetrate, but merely entangled itself in the hair, where it was found: it had, however, struck the forehead, and left a mark before it rebounded. This agreed with the general impression which Mr. Scott had formed on the subject, having been stationed, more or less, for the last ten years, in a buffalo country, and having had frequent opportunities of firing at them in every direction. His skill and address in shooting are proverbial on the Mississippi and Missouri; we had many occasions of witnessing them ourselves, though the great scarcity of game of any kind, observed during the whole of the expedition, except on the prairies, at the head of Red River, limited his opportunities of displaying his rare talent."

Major Long, or rather one of his travelling companions, Mr. Calhoun, by observations, determined the 49th degree of latitude, which is the boundary, in that direction, between the territories of Great Britain and the United States: the line of demarcation was also fixed, by placing posts and stakes at a distance from each other. Mr. Mackenzie, the chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, afforded every facility to Major Long and his

party, and, indeed, treated them with great hospitality and kindness, even before he had seen the recommendatory letter of our ambassador in the United States, Mr. Stratford Canning.

Our author vindicates Lord Selkirk against the charge of misrepresentation, in his account of his colony, Ossiniboia, on the Red River, which is nearly as large as the whole state of Georgia. Among the singular mixture of persons of various countries and complexions to be met with here, the party was most struck with a crazed woman, standing alone in a canoe, which she steered with apparent ease:—

"She had a tall commanding figure,—a soft expression of melancholy beauty, such as is often seen in the women of mixed European and Indian blood. Her dark eyes had, from the disordered state of her mind, received a wild and peculiarly interesting expression. She struck the water at irregular intervals with a long paddle, which she held by the middle, singing at the same time a melancholy air, that struck our ear melodiously and sweetly, as we heard it from a distance. Perhaps, however, it was but the effect of an association of ideas, which lent a melancholy interest to her voice. We made some inquiries about her, and were told that she was the wife of one of the settlers. She was a half-breed, whose insanity was supposed to have sprung from a religious melancholy: being one of those whom the missionaries had converted, she had become very pious; but her intellect was too frail for the doctrines which had been taught to her: in endeavouring to become familiar with them, she had been gradually affected with a malady, which at that time seemed incurable. While we were listening to this story, the wind heightened—the evening approached; all the canoes had disappeared from the river except her's, which she still kept on the stream, notwithstanding the high breeze which roughened its surface. We expressed our apprehensions lest her canoe would be upset; but we were told that she understood the management of it as well as if possessed of reason: her only pleasure and occupation seemed to be to move about alone in this frail bark; and her friends, believing that there was but little danger in it, indulged her in this, her only diversion. Meanwhile the canoe was swiftly impelled from us towards the opposite bank: the loose wrapper which she wore acted as a sail, that received the wind, and wafted her across. We saw her land in safety, and felt easier when we observed the poor maniac descend from her canoe. The next day she crossed the river, came towards us, and with much modesty presented to us a small parcel of papers, neatly folded up, and secured by a thread; she desired that it might be given to her mother, in Montreal. There was no superscription. We opened it: it contained but a printed sheet of a religious tract. Having performed her errand, she made a slight inclination, and passed away."

The party passed down the Red River, and arrived at Lake Winnipeg, which was the most distant point they were anxious to

reach, having travelled two thousand one hundred miles, in one hundred and twelve days, without any accident. They returned along the Winnipeg River, on which there is a most beautiful waterfall, which is thus described:—

"The place of our encampment was characterized by one of those peculiar effects of water, which, once seen, leave an indelible impression upon the mind. After having passed over numerous rocks, which form diversified cascades (the whole height of which is about thirty feet), the water is suddenly received into a basin, enclosed by high rocks, where it is forced to sojourn awhile, by the small size of the aperture through which it issues: here the waters present the characters of a troubled ocean, whose waves rise high, and beat against the adjoining shores, and against the few rocky islands which are seen in the midst of this basin: it is to this character that the spot owes the name which it receives from the natives, "the fall of the moving waters." They may be called the lower falls of Winnipeg River: we reached them in time to watch the beautiful effect of the setting sun, whose beams, reflected by the stream, imparted to it the appearance of a sea on fire: this was soon replaced by the moon, which cast a more placid light upon the waves, and heightened the charm of the scenery by the melancholy mantle which it spread over it. One of the most imposing characters of these falls is the tremendous noise which they produce, and which, in comparison to their size, is thought to exceed that of Niagara, Montmorency, Schaffhausen, St. Anthony, the Cohoes, or other falls which any of our party have ever seen. A scarcity of vegetation covers these rocks, and contributes to the picturesque effect of the spot. Instead of the heavy forests which formerly sheltered Niagara, we have here a spare growth of aspen, birch, spruce, and other evergreens, whose size, generally small, adds to the wild and barren appearance of the rocks. The night which we spent near these falls was one of the most interesting in the expedition: our tents were pitched so that we had a view of the splendid effect arising from the play of the moonbeams upon the surface of this ocean-like basin, and our eyes were constantly bent upon it, until the noise of the cataract lulled us to sleep."

As they proceeded, the Winnipeg River lost the character of a stream, and appeared to be a series of lakes, of from one hundred yards to four miles in diameter, which were united by rapids. Not far from the head of Winnipeg River is the Lake of the Woods, which the party passed in two days, though about three hundred miles in circumference. At Lake Rainy our travellers met with a man, whose interesting adventures deserve to be made public: this was John Tanner, whom they found in an European tent, accompanied by his two daughters. He was on his way to the United States, when he was assaulted by an Indian, and severely wounded: he then proposed to accompany Major Long's party; but the pain of his wound was such, that, after taking him some distance, they were obliged to leave him.



While at Fort Rainy, his two daughters, to fetch whom he had entered the Indian territory, asked and obtained consent to go and see an old half-breed woman, who had treated them with kindness; but they did not return; and, whether they had gone back to their mother, who was on the Lake of the Woods, or had been carried off by some of the half-breeds, is not known: they were fourteen or fifteen years old—of comely appearance, and engaging manners. The following is a narrative of the interesting adventures of Tanner:—

John Tanner was the son of a clergyman, who removed, with his family, to the banks of the Ohio, near the mouth of the Miami River, some time previous to the year 1790. He had been settled there but about ten days, when apprehensions were entertained of an attack from a party of Indians. The unsettled state of that part of the country, at the time, exposed its scattered inhabitants to frequent incursions from their savage neighbours. Tanner was then about nine years of age: notwithstanding the prohibition of his father, he had wandered to a short distance from the house, and had just filled his hat with walnuts, picked from a neighbouring tree, when he was seized upon by a party of Indians, who, by their threats, forced him to silence, and carried him off. This party was commanded, it is said, by an Indian, who resided near Saganaw, and whose wife had lately lost her son. Bereft of her only child, the mother appeared inconsolable, and finally begged that her husband would make a prisoner of one, about the same age, to whom she might transfer all the affection which she had borne to her own offspring. With this view, the Indian had armed a party of his friends, proceeded down towards the settlements, found this child, carried him off, and returned with him to his wife, who was delighted on beholding a boy so nearly of the age of that which she had lost.

By these Indians young Tanner was treated with kindness; he rose to manhood—became distinguished as a brave man and a hunter. From circumstances which we have not ascertained, his adopted parents, who belonged to the Saganaw tribe of the Ottawa nation, removed to a more western country: the man died; his wife became the leader of a small party, that resided occasionally on the Lake of the Woods, or on Red River, or the Assiniboin. Tanner was offered the situation of chief, which he wisely declined, judging that his white origin would make him an object of suspicion. He appeared satisfied with his success as a hunter, and had no farther ambition. We were told by those who had long known him, that, although he had acquired many of the characteristics of Indians, still he had some peculiarities, which marked him as one of a different origin. He had never been seen to taste of ardent spirits, or to smoke a pipe. Instead of purchasing trifles and gewgaws, as is customary with Indians, he devoted the produce of his hunts, which were always successful, to the acquisition of articles of clothing, useful to himself, to his adopted mother, or to her relations. In this state he

appears to have lived perfectly happy, respected and esteemed by all his fellow-hunters. In the year 1816, he rendered an important service to Lord Selkirk's settlement, by guiding a party of new settlers, who were under the direction of Governor McDonnell and Captain D'Orsonnen, from Rainy Lake to Fort Douglas. This reinforcement arrived at so timely a moment as to make Tanner a great favourite at the settlement: he was pointed out to Lord Selkirk during that nobleman's visit to his colony. His lordship took great interest in his situation, and by his exertions Tanner's family was discovered. His recollections of the scenes of his early youth, though faint at first, gradually brightened. He had forgotten his father's name, or, rather, it had become confused in his recollection with that of a friend of his family, called Taylor, so that this was at first thought to be his name.

Tanner placed in our hands a letter, which was written by Lord Selkirk, and which is dated Lexington, Nov. 25, 1817. It was written after a personal interview with Mrs. Taylor, whose account of the family corroborated Tanner's statement in the most important particulars. There were some slight discrepancies, but these were no other than might have been expected from the imperfect recollections of a child of nine years of age, after twenty-six years of estrangement from his country and friends. It is, perhaps, somewhat singular, that he should have totally forgotten a language, which he must have undoubtedly spoken with considerable fluency at the time that he was taken prisoner. The following extract from Lord Selkirk's letter, at present in our possession, shows how far his recollections extended:—

"The circumstances that Mrs. Taylor mentioned of his family coincide with those which he told me in the north, particularly that he had a brother called Ned, and two sisters, married previously to his being carried off; also, that his father was a big lusty man, as the young man described him. The only point of difference is, that Mrs. Taylor said that Ned Tanner was older than the boy John, who was carried away, whereas I had understood him to be younger; but, as I could converse with John only through an interpreter, such a mistake might easily arise. Mrs. T. also said, that old John Tanner had been settled in Kentucky several years before 1790, but that possibly he might have removed at that date, by the river, from some other part of the state. The young man told me that his father had changed his residence a very short time before he was carried off, and had been settled on the banks of the Ohio only about ten days, when the attack of the Indians took place: he mentioned particularly his having come down the river in a large boat or flat with horses or cattle: he also mentioned, that, at the place where his father lived, previous to his removal, there was a brook running in a cavern under ground, where they used to go with a candle to take water," &c.

Through the benevolent and active interference of Lord Selkirk, Tanner was restored to his family, who recognised him, and re-

ceived him well: he had already brought several of his children into the United States, and had three of them in Mackinaw, when, in 1823, he determined to return to the Lake of the Woods for the others. The Indians, it appears, manifested great unwillingness to allow the two young girls to be taken out of the country, and they opposed his endeavours, until, finally, with the assistance of Dr. McLaughlin, he succeeded in removing the children. He appears to have felt but little affection for the mother of his daughters, and wished her to remain in the country; but she, finding her efforts to keep her daughters unavailing, resolved to go with them. They had passed Rainy Lake, and were at the Portage de l'Isle, in Bad (Maligne) River, when the wife induced an Indian, who was travelling with them, to shoot Tanner. She, it appears, bribed him with the promise of her elder daughter.

The poor man was near falling a victim to the plot: his wife ran away with the Indian, took her daughters with her, and left him alone and wounded; fortunately, he was picked up by a canoe, going to Rainy Lake; they conveyed him there; his daughters joined him, and, as he said, treated him with the utmost kindness. His wife proceeded down the river with her accomplice, who was said to have had a bad name, even among the Indians, previous to this circumstance.

We have endeavoured to acquire some knowledge of the character and principles of a man, whose early impressions must have been completely extirpated by those of the men among whom he spent the greater part of his life. He vowed to be revenged on the Indian who had shot him: heedless of the personal danger which he must incur from another visit to the country, he resolved upon returning to Rainy Lake as soon as he should have regained his strength, in order to pursue and punish his enemy. Any observations which were made to him, on the impropriety of his feelings, only drew from him this answer; "Why did he shoot me? If he wished to kill me, it is my duty to kill him, for he is a bad man." This was uttered in a cold decisive manner; it was not the result of passion, but of a conviction, founded upon a process of reasoning to which he had been long accustomed. In his intercourse with traders he appears to have been honourable; and this reflects the more credit upon him, as it was at a time when an active competition between rival traders frequently induced them to stimulate the Indians to frauds which affected their opponents. One instance appears well attested:—in a letter, dated Montreal, Nov., 1818, and which was written by Mr. John Allan, it is stated, that "Tanner did not choose to traffic exclusively with any trader, but used to take goods on credit, at the same time, from parties trading in opposition to one another, and, on one occasion, brought two parcels of furs to a post of the North-west Company, at the fork of Red River: he employed the contents of one parcel to pay a debt which he had contracted there, and, having done so, was about to go with his other parcel of furs, to discharge, in

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like manner, a debt which he had contracted with a neighbouring trader of the Hudson's Bay Company. Some opposition to the taking away of his furs was made by the person in charge of the North-west Company's fort, who endeavoured to prevail on Tanner to sell the whole to him. When persuasion failed, threats were resorted to by the trader; and, as Tanner still persisted in doing as he pleased with his own property, a pistol was presented to his breast, on which, pointing to his bare bosom, he undauntedly told the trader to fire, declaring that, although but a stranger and a slave in that country, he would not be so much of a woman as to raise a weapon against any man, and afterwards, through fear, desist from killing him. By this bold conduct he maintained his right to the disposal of his furs, which he immediately applied to the payment of a just debt."

"Of his attachment to his children he gave a strong proof, by the long and perilous journey which he undertook to visit his daughters; and the distress which he felt, when they had disappeared, was among the most heart-rending scenes which we have ever witnessed. His language was the natural expression of grief deeply felt. If the abandonment which he had meditated of his wife, presents him to our consideration in a less deserving light as a husband, it must be borne in mind, in extenuation, that the woman who could, under any circumstances, be induced to plan, and instigate another person to so atrocious a crime as that in which she afterwards shared, could not be an amiable companion, and could probably have no claim upon his affections."

"What will be the future destiny of Tanner appears to us very uncertain. We much question whether he can ever be satisfied with sharing in the occupations and comforts of civilized life: we think it more probable that the wandering and irregular habits which he seems to have imbibed from the Indians will soon drive him back from the settlements to his usual haunts in the woods. He was at one time considered, by zealous persons, as a fit instrument for the conversion of Indians to Christianity; but we doubt whether he can ever be brought to feel that deep conviction in the truths of Revelation which is required to make fit ministers of the Gospel. While his strong mind appears to have rejected the superstitions of Indians, it has imbibed a sort of philosophic incredulity, which would make him but a slow and unwilling convert to the purest of faiths."

"Tanner was of a disposition naturally stern, which his mode of life and the sentiments of his companions have but increased. He was said, by many, never to have been seen to shed a tear: when he was bereft of his daughters, he wept not; his grief was of too stern a character: but it was evident that the conflict of emotions in his mind, at the time that he was compelled to land from our canoes, overpowered him, and his eyes glistened with a tear which he attempted in vain to shake off."

We find we cannot finish this work in the present number, but must reserve a further notice for our next.

*The Twenty-Ninth of May; Rare Doings at the Restoration.* By EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE, Author of *Wine and Walnuts*. 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 720. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

IF authors and playwrights, booksellers and managers, will produce their new pieces at a period of the week we have no opportunity of doing them justice, it is their fault, not our's. It is now Thursday, five o'clock, p. m., and we have just had thrust into our hands the *Twenty-Ninth of May*, so damp and so fresh from the press, that we are almost afraid of imbibing the rheumatism with its contents as we skim them over. Well, no matter; for in what better cause can an editor die than in the service of his readers? On the stage and in a novel, we have seen the action and events of half a century confined within the limits of a few hours' acting or reading; but here we have a couple of volumes devoted to the 'rare doings' of a single day: but that day was certainly not one of ordinary occurrence, since it changed the dynasty of the sovereign power in England, and created an entire political re-action in society.

This work is, we believe, intended as the first of a series of historical novels, which, selecting some particular and striking event, will embody the characters and manners of the age in describing it. The author, whose real and assumed names are not unknown to the literary world, is possessed of much antiquarian lore, which he displays in a style at once terse and quaint; he is, however, apt to exhaust himself, as was the case with his *Wine and Walnuts*, which promised well in the outset, but sunk into insignificance before he had the prudence to drop them, which was long after they had ceased to excite any interest.

The *Twenty-Ninth of May* is, however, a very clever work: the author is intimately acquainted with the events, and even style, of the period which he has selected; and the scenes he describes are highly dramatic. One thing, however, we must regret and reprobate—we allude to the imprecations he puts in the mouths of some of his characters, particularly Mordecai the Jew, who sells state Popish prayer-books with Protestant titles at high prices. It is bad enough even to hear in our streets those irreverent appeals to the Deity which are made by the vulgar; but it is really disgusting to see them in print, however faithfully they may represent the character of the person portrayed; indeed, we are quite at a loss to reconcile such gross vulgarity with a mind otherwise so intelligent as that of our author. Among the persons duped by the Jew is Ingoldsby, a republican colonel, whose character is well drawn, and Waller, an unconscionable bookseller: they discover, or rather reveal, the frauds at the shop of Barlow, a celebrated sign-painter, in Harp Alley, which was formerly noted for this class of Artists. After enumerating other losses and crosses—

Waller resumed: "Then there's that rascally Jew Mordecai comes to my shop this blessed morning, and, knowing that I am an easy, unsuspecting, open-dealing old fool,

he sells me a lot of common prayers, at his own price, the remorseless rogue. And, as I hope to be saved, for I had no time to examine them—Aye! in my usual way, as sister Abigail justly says on that score at least, I say, as I had no time to examine them, took them all at his word, and, lo! every copy turns out neither more nor less than Popish prayers."

"The devil!" exclaimed Ingoldsby, "then Master Mordecai has bamboozled me too, no doubt. Confound the rogue, by the Lord, a fellow ought to have all his eyes about him who buys *Gospels* of an Israelite," when, feeling in his pocket for the book, he began to solace himself, the mad-cap, by singing—

"There was an old woman of Kew,  
And her age it was four score and seven,  
Who vow'd she would wed with a Jew,  
In her way to the kingdom of Heaven:  
Says she, "I've plenty of gold,"  
Says he, "Vot a useful commodity;  
Never mind though you're ugly and old,  
I'll tip you a kiss out of charity."

Tol de rol, tol de rol lol.

"And O my dear Moses," says she,  
"I hope you will never be jealous;  
For tanketing after of me,  
Comes half a score handsome young fellows."  
Says Moses, "I don't care a curse,  
I wash always remarkably civil,  
Let me only lay hold on your purse,  
Your admirers may go to the devil."

Tol de tol, lol de rol lol.

"This is vile work though, Master Moses Mordecai, to take in the poor and needy, to diddle a broken-down soldier out of his silver crown."

"Hey! what! and is that all, Master Ingoldsby. O! then, that is no great matter, he bilked me of nineteen, yea, did the villain; but I shall have hold of him, and if I do not set him neck and heels in Bridewell, I am the greatest sinner in all Christendom."

"Let me see," said Ingoldsby, "here is the title-page. 'The Book of Common Prayer, as appointed by the Church of England, printed and sold by the Company of Stationers.' Why, you slanderous old thief! look you here, Matt. Barlowe, and do you, too, Bob Walker; why, 'tis as good and genuine a steeple-house book as ever" —

"Go on, proceed, turn over the pages, one by one. Yes! yes! the precious rascal, he has had prayer-book titles printed on purpose. This stratagem it was that took me in. There, my good masters, he fastened on my credulity: every line, as I hope for salvation, is all Papishty, all Roman Catholic, as you will find. That Mordecai is the very epitome of a lie."

"Why, thou senseless, impudent, falsifying old slanderer, look you here, aye! put on your nose-glasses and satisfy yourself. Are you not ashamed, and be damned to you, to vilify that poor itinerant in this way!"

"I'll make affidavit, I'll swear upon the holy book, that the rascal has taken me in—yes, sure enough," examining the little copy of prayers, page by page, "this all right, certainly, a genuine copy: but, nevertheless, he has jewed me, and that is the simple fact,



my good masters, and pest take me, but I will trounce the villain."

"The old biblioplist was ready to burst with suppressed rage at the incredulity of the waggish triumvirate, when, strange to say, Mordecai, whose industry and general speculations seemed to endue him with ubiquity, for he was to be seen, as it almost appeared, in twenty places at the same time, made his appearance.

"He was ushered into the painting-loft, by the quaker-shopman of the busy sign-painter. "Do you want some prime oak panel for signs, goot Master Barlowe—some of all sort and size, well seasoned, old as an hundred years, and all sound and not vorm-eaten? Vill sell the lot a great pargain, vorth any price, not another to be had in all London, so help me G—."

"Old Waller fixed his little grey eyes upon the Jew, like a lynx, and, working his lips, and wriggling like a cat, preparing to pounce upon a sparrow, he sprang forth, and, upsetting the large sign of St. Dunstan and the devil, with the colours, palettes, oil, turpentine, and the whole of the painter's rattletaps, seized the Jew by the throat, exclaiming, or rather screaming, "What, you damned thief, and I have caught you."

"Mordecai, without the least expression of fear, or even surprise, grasped the hand of the bookseller, saying, "I vosh desire you to keep off your fingers from my neck, if you please; vot vosh the matter, good Master Waller?" at the same time wresting open his knuckles with the utmost ease. "Tell me vot vosh the matter before these goot chentelmens."

"Thou hast robbed me of nineteen crowns, thou graceless Shylock," said old Waller, his face pale as a turnip, and his quivering lips as blue as a bilberry.

"I robbed you! mine soul! vy vot a fib, Master Waller; I vosh never rob man, woman, or child, since I vos a baby in arms, as I hope for mercy."

"Don't perjure thyself, thou miscreant! Pray, Master Barlowe, do send your lad for a constable. There, go my boy, seek a constable; you will find one at the watch-house over the way in the market, and I will give thee—I will give thee a little book for a Christmas-box." The old skin-flint, even in his perturbation, had an eye to his ready-money.

"O, very vell! let the young lad get a constable, I shall wait here. Go, mine lad, by all means. Meanwhile, a warrant is on foot for you, Master Waller; I am sorry for your misfortune,—but, by this times, your house is all down about Mistress Abigail's ears."

"Hey! what do you say? what is this, you pickpocket?"

"Nothing in the world, only, so help me G—! Mistress Abigail has murdered a chentel youth of the city—fractured his skull; and the apprentices are razing the Black Eagle flat with the stones."

"O—O! alas—alas! and has it come to this?—I thought it would, some day!" exclaimed the bookseller; "Master Culpéper has forbidden it. O, the fatal Restoration!

He told me to beware about the end of May. What dost say, thou Jew! murdered?"

"Aye, as I hope to be shaved. The poor young youth is as tead as mutton—gone to the bone-house on a shop-shutter; and Mistress Abigail, the vicked woman—it ish very pitiful, and I vosh grieved at mine heart—she is now in her lodgings at Newgate."

The author is particularly happy in hitting off the canting hypocrisy of the Puritans; and, indeed, his characters are generally well drawn and original: he sometimes, however, mingles modern familiar phraseology with the quaint style of the period in which his scene is laid. The work includes almost every person of consequence who figured in the events of the time, particularly those connected with the theatre; and, by a pardonable anachronism, others are enlisted into the service, who had either passed from the stage of life, or had scarcely entered upon it. The Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, the site of which is now occupied by Child's banking-house (not Hoare's, as stated by Ephraim Hardcastle), is the scene of many festivities during the eve and 29th of May, where Sir William Davenant, Tom D'Urfey, the Killgrews, Kynaston, Mohun, and other persons connected with the drama, are assembled. The balcony in front of the tavern is to be filled with the players, on the occasion of the king's procession, and some trumpeters are engaged by the swearing Jew, Mordecai, to do honour to the day: among the latter, is a puritanical hypocrite, Hold-me-fast. The landlord of the tavern, Johnson, tells Mordecai to get the trumpeters ready:—

"They vosh already dressed," replied the Jew, "shaving and exshepting vun—that old Mishter Hold-me-fast; but he ish on his marrow-bones at his prayer, vot he calls seeking the Lord, to know if he shall put on the fine dress vot the other musishioners has got from the playhouse. Blister me though, but vot I vosh up to him; I offered five shilling more, and he stichks out for ten. So vot if he ish nunt making game of God Amighty for five shillings—the old hypocrite."

"O give him the money, Mordecai," said mine host; "do not let us stick upon trifles, my worthy man." So the Jew went up to the top of the house again, and the bargain was struck; but not until Mordecai knocked at the door, and inquired—"Vell, vot have you got an answer, Mashter Hold-me-fast?" The trumpeter was silent, when the Jew bawled through the key-hole, "Mishter Johnson says vot you shall have the moniesh." The hypocrite thanked the Lord, and came forth; and descended to the room where they had supped the night before, when taking the money and a glass of brandy, and saying, as he put on the stage costume, "This livery of Satan is only a covering of the outward man in Adam;" and then he asked the Jew if the money was all good? and, lifting up his eyes, joined the ungodly band in the hall, and the party went below to enjoy their breakfast.

"This is an unrighteous profitless business that we are engaged in, Master Swan, I fear," said the old trumpeter, with a groan, helping himself to a spacious slice of cold ham; then turning to the Jew with a sly

grin, "Will you have a bit of swine's flesh, Moses?"

"Eat your meal and be shatisfied," replied the Jew. "Eat your preakfast in peace and quiet, and be thankful."

"Peace and thankfulness! Why, you unbelieving Israelite, what should you know of *thankfulness*?—and as for *peace*—these unbelieving Jews never fight in any cause—they have no country, and are locusts in all nations and among all people—money-changers, thieves, and rogues, who sold their lord and master for filthy lucre."

"Come, hold your mouthing, let us have no more of this botheration. How can the Jew help it," said Shore. "We are in comfortable quarters, and we owe it to him. D—d if I care, Jew or Gentile, so that I could get employ."

"Nor I neither," added Swan. "Nor I," said the others. "Where are we to find employ?"

"Go and seek—seek," replied the saint. "Seek the Lord—but you are none of ye of the elect; none, alas! no more than that unbelieving Jew."

"Vot a hypocrite! I don't vont to make words, but who vosh sell his conscience for five shillings, this twenty-ninth of the month of May."

"That's a lie, you thief—and you shall eat your words—no—you shall eat this pork," said the old trumpeter, thrusting the knuckle of ham, which he had separated just before, in the Jew's face.

Mordecai, who was all activity, suddenly drew back, saying, "you are an old man, or I would put you down under mine feet. But I will not break the peace, nor break your bones."

"The peace!" echoed the trumpeter, enraged at the disclosure of his own hypocrisy. "Do you ever read the Bible, you Jew? Here these Israelites traffic with the Christians—with the elect, the usurers and extortioners, and live by war, and never fight. The villains have not land enough to bury a dog. No, they are too cunning to fight. Read Jeremiah the thirtieth, and therein." "A trumpeter making a vonderment about other peoplesh not fighting—blow me vot if that is not a good one, ha-ha-ha. Never mindt it, Mishter Hold-me-fast, every man must live by his honest trade—you by your's, and I mineself by mine; so let us have no more vords—but let us go to our business."

We have no room for further extract or remark, but shall return, next week, to these very sprightly volumes; for, whatever faults they have, such we deem them.

#### *Bowdich's Excursions in Madeira and Porto Santo.*

(Concluded from p. 323.)

In our last notice of this work, we extracted some interesting notices connected with Madeira and Porto Santo; we now proceed to the second part of the volume—the narrative of Mrs. Bowdich, which relates to the visit of her husband and herself to the coast of Africa. As Mr. Bowdich left very few notes, and those so obscurely written as to be of little use, and Mrs. Bowdich could not anticipate

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she would be deprived of her husband, we are surprised that she has been able to collect so much information connected with their travels. From Madeira they proceeded to Bona Vista, one of the Cape de Verde Islands, where they dined with the governor, Senhor Manoel, of whose *manage* Mrs. Bowdich gives a whimsical description. She says—

“Our entrance was rudely obstructed by a formidable sentinel, with a ragged jacket and a rusty cutlass, and without either shoes or stockings. We then passed through a range of kitchens and hovels, inhabited by slaves; and the steams from the former conveyed so strong a sensation of dirt, that it required a tolerable appetite to encounter the food which awaited us. Our progress was impeded by throngs of black, mulatto, and Portuguese children, of all sizes. We ascended a flight of dirty stairs, and, on entering the room, were presented to the governor's family. His wife, who is at the same time his niece, is fair, and possesses more charms of face than figure, for, added to the usual diminutive size of her countrywomen, she had so completely adapted her style of dress to the climate, that she needed a few elastic bandages, to put all in order again. Her sisters were both interesting, and all three evidently superior to the rest, whom, in deference to my sex, I cannot be uncharitable enough to describe, save one, who was remarkable for being at that time a bride. It is a cunning trick of young men, cadets for instance, to marry some old despairing relation of Senhor Manoel's, that they may claim a seat at his table, a room in his house, and save themselves the expense of living. The present instance proved how unnecessary were personal charms, manners, accomplishments, or fortune; for the bride, who had been a widow, was on the wrong side of forty, her countenance presenting a fine contrast of red pimples on a yellow ground, and her large limbs and sullen looks seemed to promise, that, when the first transports (which to my astonishment were not reserved for *tête-à-têtes*) were passed, she would become the preceptress of her husband, a boy of eighteen, and not spoil him for want of manual discipline; such chastisements being by no means rare on either side, in the annals of Portuguese conjugal happiness. This pair sat close together, almost on the same chair, ate off the same plate, and drank out of the same glass, the lady acting as a jackal, in clawing everything she could catch for her lord.”

From Bona Vista Mr. and Mrs. Bowdich sailed for the River Gambia. Mrs. B. appears to have entertained a mean opinion of the intellectual talents of the negro race; one or two instances, however, rendered her less sceptical:—

“A girl was taken, at the age of five years, from Congo to Curaçao, in a slave vessel, and was publicly sold there. She fortunately fell into the hands of good people, who taught her to be useful in household duties, and at the age of fourteen went with them to Holland, where she perfected herself in the Dutch language. Misfortunes having befallen her

master and mistress, she was by them placed under the protection of the Dutch government, to prevent her from being carried back to Curaçao to be resold. She could then read, write, and sew, and, living afterwards as servant in a Flemish family, she learned to speak their language also. She was next the domestic of an Englishman, who took her to Germany, where, from her knowledge of Flemish, she quickly acquired the language of the country, and subsequently English and French, both of which she reads and writes grammatically; but I am sorry to say, this Englishman attended more to her intellect than her morals, and she had a child by him. When I last saw her, she was keeping her master's house, giving an arithmetical account of all expenses, making the linen required by the family, corresponding with her master (when absent) both in French and English, and, from having associated with her countrymen till the age of fourteen, retained enough of her native tongue to answer any question put to her. I was very much interested for this poor creature, for she did not revolt my feelings by the usual conceit of her race; on the contrary, she was unassuming, and exceedingly grateful for the notice I took of her and her little forlorn boy, for whose welfare she would be willing to sacrifice every hope and enjoyment, and over whose education and morals she watches with the most earnest solicitude. I was very anxious she should have been attached to one of the schools in Africa, but she was too valuable for her master to part with, and she is now losing the best years of her life, in a situation unworthy of her abilities or good intentions.”

Scarcely had the affectionate pair, Mr and Mrs Bowdich, reached Bathurst settlement, when the former was taken ill, and ‘closed a life of virtue and honourable activity on the 10th of January, 1824.’ Bathurst, which was founded in 1806, is considered by our fair author as the least healthy of all our African settlements. The negroes here are much more rude in their manners, and more insulting than even the Fantees. Of the Mandingoes we are told—

“Their manner of eating is like that of other blacks, clawing out of the same calabash with their fingers. Most of them profess Mahometanism, and speak Arabic, using the ancient form of salutation, “Peace to thee,” now banished among the eastern Arabs. They are tall, slight, but well made, and, though not so ugly as the Fantees, are by no means a handsome race, when compared to the Joloffs. The natives of both countries wear very large cloths, or pagnes. The superior classes of Mandingoes, and the travelling Moors of the interior, frequently assume a turban, and this, added to their full and graceful pagnes, their red sandals, their elegantly-shaped cimeters, and their light bows and arrows, gives them a very picturesque appearance. The older alcades wear a large pointed grass hat, looking like a portion from the thatched roof of their huts, while the younger chiefs have a white cap, beautifully embroidered with coloured cottons, in diamonds, stars, and other devices. The higher class of women generally wear a

short shift, and two pagnes of equal size; their gold ornaments are numerous and massy, their ear-rings especially, which are often of such a weight, as to require a string passing over the head to support them, as they would otherwise tear the ears. Natives of all shades, and both countries, assume very dark blue for mourning, and lay aside their ornaments.”

“Their mirth is usually evinced by noise, called music, and is composed of yells and drums; but they are by no means so barbarous in their calmer moments. They have a sort of guitar, made of a calabash, which I did not see; but their other instrument, the balafon, or balafew, is not unpleasing when well played. It consists of two square frames, with uprights at each corner, supporting the upper frame, and tied together with leathern thongs; on the top are fastened twenty flat bars of hard wood, decreasing in size, and under these are placed small calabashes, with an orifice in each; they are so fastened to the bars, that the orifice is immediately underneath, and the vibration of the bar, when struck, fills the calabash, and causes the sound. The instrument is played with two sticks, having heads, twisted round with cow's intestines. The people do not seem to have any notion of harmony, all their airs being in the same key, and only varying with the formation of the instrument. The first I heard was evidently tuned to A major, but my own approaches to C minor, evidently the effect of chance. I was told, that the Mandingoes have several national songs, but I had no opportunity of hearing any, except the canoe song, which is very pleasing: a few sing the air, after which the whole party join in the chorus; they are heard when starting from the opposite side of the river, long before they can be distinguished by the eye, and as they gradually approach, the effect is very harmonious. The Mandingo dance, I am told, is not ungraceful; but that of the Joloffs is beyond everything disgusting. Those who have seen the peasantry and lower classes of Portugal dance may form some notion of it, although the disgusting attitudes are carried to a greater excess; to those who have never seen anything of the kind, I cannot attempt description, but must leave them to imagine contortion of body, carried to the most indecent length.”

If Bathurst is the least healthy, Bakkow, or Cape St. Mary's, the extremest southern point of the main land at the river's mouth, is the most salubrious. Of this part of Africa we are told, that—

“Every town has its alcade or governor, always subject to the reigning king, who at all interviews demands a present in behalf of his sovereign, and another for himself. The old alcade at Bakkow was one of the most rapacious of his tribe, and, although he had already received a handsome present, for granting permission to build a cooking-house, and form a garden close to the government-house, he attended at the measurement of the land to secure another; and on its being laid out, and marked for railing-in the next morning, he reappeared to dispute every inch, in the hope of further extortion. The



deposed Prince of Barra paid us a visit, who was a fine powerful man in appearance, but extremely forward in deportment, and surrounded by the filthiest black children I ever saw. It is the custom of the country, when a king dies, to change the capital, or rather, every town in the kingdom becomes capital in turn, and its chief sovereign, and great care is always taken of that next in succession. The above prince, thinking he was more powerful than the lawful successor, tried to secure the throne out of his turn, but, being defeated, was obliged to throw himself upon the kindness of the alcade at Bakkow, both for safety and maintenance.'

From the Zoological notices which Mrs. B. gives, and they are more numerous than we should have expected to find them, we quote the following account of a singular animal:—

'This animal was about the size of a small cat, and of a dark gray colour. His fur was very fine, soft, and long; his snout, which was red, was like that of a pig; his ears black, and resembled those of a monkey; his teeth referred him to the family of Carnivora, and his feet, and method of walking, to the group Plantigrada. He took up everything which he ate with his fore paws, and he did not lap when drinking. He was remarkably docile and affectionate, and suffered my children to pull him about without offering to bite them; he leaped from great heights without fear; he caught rats like a dog, and he followed those he knew everywhere. He constantly accompanied us to dinner at the officer's quarters, and when I desisted going, in consequence of Mr. Bowdich's illness, he went by himself, regularly coming back in the evening to sleep. He loved warmth, and was very impatient of confinement, biting the strong wires of the cage, into which we first put him, so close together that he could slip through the aperture. He had no unpleasant smell, but was very partial to wallowing in everything wet and dirty. He was a native of Kasimanse.'

The third part of Mrs. Bowdich's labours consists of translations from the Arabic of the most interesting traditions of the country; these, we are told by Mrs. B., who translated them herself, are as literal as the difference of the two languages will allow. These traditions, which are principally on religion, are confused and imperfect. One of them we shall quote; it is the History of Joseph and his Brethren, which, it will be seen, differs much from the Hebrew version:—

'Joseph had twenty-nine brothers, and he dreamed that he represented the stars; and when he told this to his father and mother, they replied, "Say this no more, for fear of your brothers," but the by-standers repeated it; and his brothers asked him, "Are you to be our master?" and Joseph replied, "What God sends I take, but as yet I know not." The brothers then seized him, put him into a bucket, and let him down into a well thirty feet deep, on pretence of his being better able to get water than they, who were bigger. God told him not to cry, for that would do him no good. The father and mother cried till they were blind. Joseph remained one

year in the well, being supported in it by God. At the end of that time, a man came with camels and oxen to drink, and, seeing Joseph (who still preserved "his old little garment") a very fine young man, he made a slave of him, and sold him to Pharaoh for camels and gum.

'Joseph soon rose to the charge of everything in the house, but Pharaoh put him into prison for caprice, and from the apprehension that he was spoiled by indulgence, though Joseph had not done any wrong. He was kept there one year, with two men slaves. A person named Wahd came to look at them. One of his fellow-prisoners said, "Joseph dreamed last night that a famine will come, and, if the king does not take care, it will destroy all, and the king will have a dangerous sickness. I pray you go tell the king to take one bullock, to kill him, and to cook him for the poor, then God will help him in his sickness." Wahd told the king. Joseph's fellow-prisoners were sent for and questioned, and they confirmed the story. Joseph was then unfettered, and the king said to him, "You are a stranger, you must keep my keys, all my other servants being born here." The king then said to the others, "All obey this man, and you will please me." Every day Joseph gave out one cup of corn, and every day put a similar one into the store, in anticipation of the famine about which he had dreamed, and he did this for three months. Pharaoh had three hundred wives. One wife "took a liking to Joseph, but he refused her embraces; the king heard the noise and came, and Joseph refused to explain, saying, "God has seen and knows, and he is enough for me." Pharaoh had sent him away four days, when a councillor of the king's suggested, that he should ascertain if the fragment of linen, left in the woman's hand, belonged to the fore or the hinder part of Joseph's shirt: if the former, it was Joseph's attempt; if the latter, it was torn by the woman when holding him unwillingly. In this manner Joseph was acquitted, the keys were returned to him, and he again laid up the corn. The famine arrived, and at the end of seven years there was no corn left, but what was in the store. He was applied to for food, and there was a plentiful supply.

'The famine lasted seven years more, and then the king died. The people wanted to make Joseph king. He was sent for, and advised of it by the council, but he said, "I know nothing of such affairs, I am only a slave; but, before you make me king, all people must pay what they owed to the last king for provisions, that I may give it for the support of his children, and you must make all the people swear, that they have wished and ordered you to make me king." He then gave the people all the corn that was left, and they liked him very much.

'Soon there came another famine (elsewhere), and nineteen of his brothers came to Misr (or Cairo), to try and get something to eat. Joseph then asked them where they lived, and they told him in Hinda, and he knew them, though they did not recognise him; he, however, relieved them, and secretly

put his "own little clothes," and a cup, into a sack of corn, and sent the whole to the old blind man and woman for charity. The old people took out the cup and clothes, kissed, and smelt them, and the scent of the garments cured their blindness; but they still feigned it, as they were afraid of their sons. The old people sent their sons again to King Joseph, to thank him for the corn, and to present him with a basket for a curiosity, it having been made by a blind man. In the side the old man secreted a letter, in which he reminded Joseph, that his youngest sister, an infant when he left home, was now a woman. When Joseph received this, he loaded the camels and gave his brothers much more corn, and sent a message to the blind people, desiring them to send their youngest child. They did so, saying to her secretly, "that king is your brother, but speak not of it on the road, for fear the others should kill you." When they arrived, Joseph feasted his brethren handsomely in his bed-room, and sent the girl to feed with the servants. The brothers reviled Joseph for this, and for frustrating their sister's expectations as a female (meaning that he ought to have taken her for a wife), and they got up and took her away with them; but Joseph secretly put two large pieces of silver into the girl's basket, and then, pretending to have discovered a robbery, sent after her, found the silver in her basket, and detained her, telling the brothers to go and fetch the old man and woman. He then gave his sister fine clothes and rings, and had her bathed.

'The brothers went back to the old people, and said, "Your daughter is in prison, you must come." When they reached Misr, Joseph pretended to put them in prison also. He then invited his brothers to a feast, and had his parents and sister splendidly dressed, and brought in as spectators. Upon this the brothers recognised father, mother, sister, and Joseph, and ran away in consternation and shame to the bush. Joseph sought them for three years, to beg them to come back, and to assure them of his forgiveness. The messenger then returned and said, "I have found these people, but they have no longer any clothes, except those made of grass, and they have become wild, and will not return."

This interesting volume is enriched with clever engravings, most of which are coloured, independent of fifty-seven figures of subjects of natural history; they are all, we believe, from drawings by Mrs. Bowdich, who appears to have possessed every requisite for a traveller. There are also other embellishments, some of which are lithographed by this lady, who has strong claims on public patronage, as well for her talents as her misfortunes.

*Zoné, a Levantine Sketch, and other Poems.* 12mo. pp. 110. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THE Muses have, for some time past, been so much given to coarseness and ribaldry on the one hand, and to simple verse-making upon the other, that this little volume comes upon one like a spring of water in the thirsty land. The poetry of Byron was grand, was sublime,

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was tremendous, but it belonged to that class with which ordinary persons cannot grapple aright, and with which, by grappling wrong, they bring disgrace upon themselves and the pursuit. The small verse-makers, upon the other hand, have become innocent to perfect babyism; and so we say again, that the appearance of a poem at once so sweet and so pure as *Zoné* is really a treat.

We have read more powerful poetry certainly, and we have read what was meant to be as tender; but there is a charm in this one which we cannot resist, though we are not absolutely certain that we know in what it consists. There is little or no story, there are hardly any distressing situations; there is, in short, none of that straw which is usually demanded by those who make the bricks of song; but there is a great deal of the observation of nature, and not a little of the anatomy of the heart.

Whoever the author may be, we do not need to be told that he is possessed of great purity and delicacy of feeling, and that he has not begun to write till after having paid long and close attention to those who form the grand inspirers as well as examples of sweet poesy. The allusion to the tomb of Petrarch, with which the poem opens, is very tender:—

'I dream of Arqua, and the hallow'd tomb  
Where sleeps the lyre, whose undulating  
string

Stream'd notes of lady-love among the bloom  
Of music-breathing flow'rs, in early spring:  
Their dew, love's tears—the fragrance which  
they fling

On earth and air, the odour of the sigh  
Of her so lov'd—the hue, bright as the wing  
Of Iris, was the love-smile of her eye,  
That beam'd upon the chords with softest  
witchery.'

There is great warmth, and yet the most perfect delicacy, in the following stanza:—

'The delicate mimosa, too, has spread  
Her fan-like leaf among the conscious  
flow'rs;

Fainting with zephyr's breathings round her  
shed,

Like maidens woo'd and won in secret  
bow'rs;

Round dionæa, wet with summer show'rs,

The roving hawk-moth flits on downy wings,

Then, passion-laden in the sultry hours,

Deep in its closing bosom madly springs,

And the fond insect dies in folded murmur-  
ings.'

But we have no room for further quotation, and so must take our leave of *Zoné*. The notes are excellent, the other poems very pretty, and *Zoné* is altogether, like her after whom it is called,—a little but a lovely thing.

*Howison's Foreign Scenes and Travelling Recollections.*

(Concluded from p. 326.)

THE second volume of Mr. Howison's really clever work contains four distinct articles. The first is a good description of Life in India, although, as we have stated, he is not very partial to the country. Of Bombay, and its society, he gives an unfavourable picture; the people are not hospitable, and are great scandal-mongers:—

'The mode of life pursued in Bombay is, I believe, the same as prevails in other parts of the East. People usually get up at six in the morning, or even earlier, and take exercise of some kind, or perhaps transact business before breakfast. The forenoon is spent in visiting or in professional duties, and at one o'clock a meal called tiffin is put upon the table. Tiffin corresponds with the English luncheon, but is infinitely more abundant and substantial, consisting sometimes of soup, beef-steaks, fricassees, curries, hams, &c. and a liberal allowance of beer and wine. The partakers of this unnatural repast are in the habit of indulging in a siesta after it, or, in other words, of going to sleep for two hours, which is a rational enough plan, the giddiness occasioned by the malt liquor they have drunk often rendering them unfit for any thing else. On awakening from their afternoon's slumber, people prepare for an evening-drive upon the esplanade; from which, after viewing the same circle of faces, the same carriages, and the same uniforms, that they have daily seen for many months past, they return soon after sunset, and dress for dinner. This meal is served up about seven, and is little more than a pastime and a matter of ceremony; for, in general, most of the dishes are sent from the table nearly untouched, the heat, the tropical langour, and the meridian tiffin, all combining to drive away appetite. Coffee and tea succeed the dinner in the course of the evening, and the party in general separates long before midnight.'

'People do not usually remain long at table after dinner has been removed, and very little wine is drank, which appears surprising; for one would suppose that the dull uniformity of life in India, the want of evening amusements, and the enervating influence of the climate, would powerfully tempt men to seek relief in the bottle. After all, a large dinner-party in the East generally proves a heavy and fatiguing affair. It consists of an abundant repast, of which no one cares to partake,—of obsequious attendance, which is equally useless and inconvenient,—and of people who are too indolent to endeavour to amuse one another, and too weary to be disposed to feel amused themselves. Tea and coffee sometimes give a degree of excitement to the spirits of the party; which, however, is soon followed by proportional depression; and before the arrival of that hour at which, in Europe, conversation is brightest, and people's energies are most active, every one is either half asleep, or desirous of being wholly so.'

Speaking of the European society of India, Mr. Howison says:—

'In India, very little social intercourse takes place between the younger part of the sexes, even in situations that are favourable for it. The object which most of the females who come to the country have in view, is that of marrying well, and of securing a good establishment. These, as they soon perceive, they cannot obtain by connecting themselves with persons who are young in the service, and consequently they neither encourage the attentions of such nor feel any

pleasure in their company. A subaltern is an object of total indifference to a woman, unless he has a large income, which very seldom is the case. However, should he happen to feel and betray any partiality for an individual of the kind, her friends or guardians will take care to prevent her from carrying the degrading propensity to any length, and to promote the advances and throw her in the way of men of suitable rank and fortune. Those little gallantries and romantic partialities, that are so common among young people in Britain, are totally unknown in India. No man, who has less than forty pounds a month, is thought entitled to offer particular attentions to an unmarried female, because he is not what is termed "an eligible," or, in other words, because he would not form an advantageous match. All this tends to make European female society indifferent, or even disagreeable, to young men in the East. They will not submit to be neglected and looked down upon by women; who perhaps are their inferiors in birth, education, and manners, and take their revenge by talking and thinking slightly of their female acquaintances, however little they may merit such treatment.'

'Foreign Adventure,' the second article in this volume, is an ingenious and well-written essay on the various classes of travellers. Mr. Howison, who is somewhat narrow in his views, thinks foreign travelling injurious, since it increases the number of wants, and gives a distaste for home: this is not the case, however, with the author himself, nor with many others, who enjoy their native country with a better zest, when its comforts are contrasted with the inconveniences to which they have been subjected abroad.

The 'Cantonment of Seroor' is a local description of a place in India, which, ten years ago, contained nine thousand troops, and thirty thousand inhabitants, but now has only a hundred of the former, and the twelfth part of the latter. This is accompanied by reflections on the 'mutability of human affairs.' The following is our author's description of the burying-ground, which forms the chief outlet of almost every cantonment in India:—

'The burying-ground of Seroor, however, is small, and does not contain so many graves as might be expected. Though rather pleasingly situated, it wants the hallowing influence of a church in the midst of it, and the solemn shade of lofty trees, such as surround most receptacles for the dead in Britain, and throw a melancholy sombreness over them, that accords well with the purposes to which they are applied. An unsheltered burying-ground in India, bleaching beneath the glare of a fervid sun, and exposed to the invasions of wolves and jackalls, is not the least striking part of an Asiatic landscape, and is one that has in it something repulsive to British feelings.

'The only remarkable tomb in Seroor is one that was erected to the memory of Colonel Wallace, who died in command of the cantonment, and so much beloved by the natives, that they honoured him with an apotheosis, and now daily perform religious rites



at his cemetery, where an officiating priest attends, and sometimes keeps a lamp burning during a great part of the night. His apparition, it is said, frequently walks round the lines at midnight; and the Sepoy sentries are in the habit of presenting arms at the time they expect it to pass before them. The priest declares that a voice from his tomb has more than once uttered prophecies and revelations; and the natives believe this, and seldom engage in anything important without making an attempt to propitiate the shade of the departed Colonel Wallace.

The 'Delinquent' is a well-written and very interesting tale of fiction, which shows that Mr. Howison possesses considerable genius in the construction of a story as well as in narrative and description. No extract would do justice to the story, which we leave entire to our readers, to whom we strongly recommend this really clever work.

#### CORONATION OF LOUIS XVI.

As the coronation of Charles X. of France will have taken place before another number of our periodical appears, and as the ceremonies are intended to be in every respect, even to the liberating of a thousand or twelve hundred birds, similar to the ancient usages of France, we insert an account of the coronation of Louis XVI. at Rheims. Napoleon, it will be recollected, was crowned at Paris by Pope Pius VII. and the ceremony differed very much from that which, from the time of Clovis, had prevailed at the coronation of the French kings. All our readers are acquainted with the fabled legend of a dove having descended with an ampulla of sacred oil at the coronation of Clovis, on Christmas Day, in the year 496. Few, if any, we suspect, believe one word of this supernatural event, which is not even mentioned by contemporary historians; and yet the French, even up to the coronation of Louis XVI., a period of thirteen hundred years, pretended that the vial and a portion of the oil was still left. At the revolution, this vial was broken to pieces upon the pavement of the abbey, by the conventionary Ruhl, deputed for that purpose; the shrine and reliquaries, broken by his directions, were sent to La Monnaie: yet we believe a French priest pretends he has some of the genuine oil used for the anointing of King Clovis, which, we suppose, will be used on the 29th instant, unless a miracle is to be worked in favour of Charles X. on the occasion. The coronation of Louis XVI. took place on the 11th of June, 1775, in the middle of the choir of the cathedral at Rheims. At the moment the crown was placed on his head, he said 'It pinches me;' this was very probably the case, yet the superstitious, who called to mind that Henry III. on a similar occasion, said, 'It pricks me,' augured ill from the circumstance. The following account of the coronation of Louis XVI. is interesting, because all the usages of the ancient monarchy of France are to be found in it. It is taken from the Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI. printed in 1791:—

'The dresses worn by the principal dignitaries at the consecration were, on account both of their richness and their ancient form, among the most interesting objects of that solemnity. The lay peers were clad in vests of gold stuff, which came down as far as the mid leg; they had girdles of gold, silver, and violet-coloured silk mixed, and over the long vest a ducal mantle of violet cloth, lined and edged with ermine; the round collar was likewise of ermine; and every one wore a crown upon a cap of violet satin, and the collar of the order of the Holy Ghost over the mantle.

'The captain of the hundred Swiss of the king's guard was dressed in silver stuff, with an embroidered shoulder-belt of the same; a black mantle lined with cloth of silver, and, as well as his trunk hose, trimmed with lace, and a black cap surmounted with a plume of feathers. The grand master, and the master of the ceremonies, were dressed in silver stuff doublets, black velvet breeches, intersected by bands, and cloaks of black velvet, trimmed with silver lace, with caps of black velvet surmounted with white feathers.

'Everything being arranged for giving suitable pomp and splendour to the consecration, on Sunday the 11th of June, as early as six in the morning, the canons in their copes arrived in the choir, and placed themselves in the upper stalls. They were soon followed by the archbishop, Duke de Rheims, the cardinals and prelates invited, the ministers, the marshals of France, the counsellors of state, and the deputies of the various companies: every one took the place appointed for him, without any confusion.

'About half-past six, the lay peers arrived from the archiepiscopal palace. Monsieur represented the Duke of Burgundy; M. the Count d'Artois, the Duke of Normandy; and the Duke of Orleans represented the Duke of Aquitaine. The remainder of the ancient peers of France, the Counts of Thoulouse, Flanders, and Champagne, were represented by the Duke de Chartres, the Prince de Condé, and the Duke de Bourbon, who wore counts' coronets.

'The ecclesiastical peers continued hooded and mitred during the whole ceremony.

'At seven, the bishop, Duke de Laon, and the bishop, Count de Beauvais, set out to fetch the king. These two prelates, in their pontifical dresses, with their reliquaries suspended from their necks, were preceded by all the canons of the church of Rheims, among whom were the musicians. The chanter and sub-chanter walked after the clergy and before the Marquis de Dreux, grand master of the ceremonies, who immediately preceded the bishops, Duke de Laon, and Count de Beauvais; they passed through a covered gallery, and came to the king's door, which, according to custom from time immemorial, they found shut. The chanter strikes upon it with his baton; and the great chamberlain, without opening, says to him, "What is it you require?" "We ask for the king," replies the principal ecclesiastical peer.—"The king sleeps," returns the great chamberlain. Then the grand chanter begins striking again; the bishop asks for the king, and the

same answer is given. At length, the chanter, having struck a third time, and the great chamberlain answered, "the king sleeps," the ecclesiastical peer, who has already spoken, pronounces these words, which remove every obstacle: "We demand Louis XVI. whom God has given us for our king;" immediately the chamber-doors open, and another scene begins. The grand master of the ceremonies leads the bishops to his majesty, who is stretched upon a state bed: they salute him profoundly. The monarch is clothed in a long crimson waistcoat, trimmed with gold galloon, and, as well as the shirt, open at those places where he is to be anointed. Above the waistcoat he has a long robe of silver stuff, and upon his head a cap of black velvet, ornamented with a string of diamonds, a plume, and a white double aigrette. The ecclesiastical peer presents the holy water to the king, and repeats the following prayer:—"Almighty and everlasting God, who hast raised thy servant, Louis, to the regal dignity, grant him throughout his reign to seek the good of his subject, and that he may never wander from the paths of truth and justice." This prayer ended, the two bishops take his majesty, the one by the right arm, and the other by the left, and, raising him from the bed, conduct him in pompous procession to the church, through the covered gallery, chanting appropriate prayers.

'About seven, the king, having reached the church, and every one having taken his proper place, the Holy Ampulla soon arrived at the principal door. It was brought from the abbey of Saint Remi by the grand prior, in a cover of cloth of gold, and mounted upon a white horse from the king's stable, covered with a housing of cloth of silver, richly embroidered, and led by the reins by two grooms of the state stable. The grand prior was under a canopy of similar materials, carried by four barons, called knights of the Holy Ampulla, clad in white satin, with a mantle of black silk, and a white velvet scarf, trimmed with silver fringe, which his majesty had done them the honour to bestow upon them; they wore the knight's cross, suspended round the neck by a black ribbon. At the four corners of the canopy, the peers named by the king as hostages of the Holy Ampulla were seen, each preceded by his esquire, with a standard, bearing on one side the arms of France, and on the other those of the peer himself. The hostages took an oath upon the Holy Gospels, and solemnly swore between the hands of the prior, in presence of the officers of the abbey bailiwick, that no injury should be done to the Holy Ampulla, for the preservation of which they promised to risk their lives, if necessary; and at the same time they made themselves pledges, responsible sureties, and declared that they would remain hostages until the return of the Holy Ampulla. According to the form followed on such occasions, however, they required to be permitted to accompany it, for the greater safety and preservation of the aforesaid, under the same responsibility; which was granted them. All these formalities are so superfluous that they become quite ridiculous. The Holy Ampulla, which is so



conspicuous an article in the consecration of our kings, is a sort of small bottle filled, as it is said, with a miraculous balm, which never diminishes, and which served to anoint Clovis. It is pretended, that it was sent from heaven, and brought by a dove to St. Remi, who died about the year 533: it is treasured in the very tomb of the ancient archbishop, whose body remains entire in a shrine of the abbey bearing his name: and is inclosed in a silver-gilt reliquary, enriched with diamonds and gems of various colours.

The Archbishop of Rheims being apprized, by the master of the ceremonies, of the arrival of the Holy Ampulla, went immediately to receive it at the gate of the church: upon placing it in his hands, the grand prior, according to the form, addressed these words to him: "To you, my lord, I entrust this precious treasure sent from heaven to the great St. Remi, for the consecration of Clovis and the kings his successors; but I request you, according to ancient custom, to bind yourself to restore it into my hands, after the consecration of our king, Louis XVI." The archbishop, conformably with the custom, takes the required oath in these terms: "I receive this Holy Ampulla with reverence, and promise you, upon the faith of a prelate, to restore it into your hands at the conclusion of the ceremony of the consecration." Having thus said, the Cardinal de la Roche Aymon took the marvellous phial, returned to the choir, and deposited it upon the altar. A few minutes afterwards he approached the king, to whom he administered the oath called "the protection-oath," for all the churches in subjection to the crown: a promise which his majesty made sitting and covered. "I promise," said the king, "to prevent the commission of rapine and injustice of every description by persons of all ranks. I swear to apply myself sincerely, and with all my might, to the extermination of heretics, condemned and pointed out by the church, from all countries subject to my government."

After this oath, two ecclesiastical peers present the king to the assembly, and demand whether Louis XVI. is approved of for the dignity of king of France. A respectful silence, say the books which describe the ceremony, announced the general consent.

The Archbishop of Rheims presented the book of the Gospels to the king, upon which placing his hands, his majesty took the oath to maintain and preserve the orders of the Holy Ghost and St. Louis, and always to wear the cross of the latter order attached to a flame-coloured silk ribbon; to enforce the edict against duels, without any regard to the intercessions of any princes or potentates in favour of the guilty. The former part of this oath is of very little importance, and the second is broken every day.

When the king, for the second time, received the sword of Charlemagne, he deposited it in the hands of the Marechal de Clermont Tonnerre, officiating as constable, who held it point upwards during the ceremony of the consecration and coronation, as well as during the royal banquet. While the king was receiving and returning the sword

of Charlemagne, several prayers were said. In one of them, God was entreated that the holy monasteries might experience the king's bounty; that his favours might be spread among the great of the kingdom; that the dew of heaven, and the fatness of earth, might furnish in his dominions an inexhaustible plenteousness of corn, wine, oil, and all kinds of fruit; so that, under his reign, the people might enjoy uninterrupted health, &c.

When these prayers were finished, the officiating prelate opened the Holy Ampulla, and let a small quantity of oil drop from it, and this he diluted with some consecrated oil, called holy cream. The king prostrated himself before the altar upon a large square of violet-coloured velvet, embroidered with golden fleurs-de-lis, the old archbishop Duke of Rheims being also prostrated on his right hand, and remained in that lowly posture until the conclusion of the litanies chanted by four bishops alternately with the choir. The following versicle occurs in those litanies:—

*Ut dominum apostolicum et omnes gradus ecclesie in sancta religione conservare digneris.* (That it may please thee to keep the sovereign pontiff and all the orders of the church in thy holy religion).

At the end of the litanies, the Archbishop of Rheims placed himself in his chair, and the king, kneeling down before him, was anointed upon the crown of the head, the breast, between the two shoulders, upon the right shoulder, the left, upon the joint of the right arm, and upon that of the left arm; at the same time the prelate pronounced certain prayers, the substance of which was as follows: "May he humble the proud; may he be a lesson for the rich; may he be charitable towards the poor; and may he be a peacemaker among nations." A little farther on, these words occur among the prayers: "May he never abandon his rights over the kingdoms of the Saxons, Mercians, people of the north, and the Cimbri."

An anonymous author says, that by the word Cimbri is meant the kingdom of England, over which our kings expressly reserve their indisputable rights, from the time of Louis VIII. upon whom it was conferred by the free election of the people who had driven out John Sans Terre.

After the seven anointings, the Archbishop of Rheims, assisted by the Bishops of Laon and Beauvais, laced up with gold laces the openings of the king's shirt and waistcoat, and he, rising, was invested by the great chamberlain with the tunic, dalmatic, and royal mantle, lined and edged with ermine: these vestments are of violet velvet, embroidered with gold and fleurs de lis, and represent the dresses of sub-deacon, deacon, and priest: a symbol, doubtless, by which the clergy seek to prove their union with the royal power. The king placed himself upon his knees again before the officiating archbishop, who made the eighth unction upon the palm of the right hand, and the ninth and last upon that of the left; he afterwards placed a ring upon the fourth finger of the right hand, as a type of unlimited power, and of the intimate union thenceforward to reign between the king and

his people. The archbishop then took the royal sceptre from off the altar, and put it into the king's right hand, and afterwards the hand of justice, which he put into the left hand. The sceptre is of gold, enamelled and ornamented with oriental pearls; it may be about six feet in height. Upon it is represented, in relief, Charlemagne, with the globe in his hand, seated in a chair of state, ornamented with two lions and two eagles. The hand of justice is a staff of massive gold, only one foot and a half in length, adorned with rubies and pearls, and terminated by a hand formed of ivory, or rather of the horn of a unicorn; and it has, at regular distances, three circles of leaves sparkling with pearls, garnets, and other precious stones.

At length, however, we came to a period when the clergy cease to arrogate to themselves the right of conferring his supremacy upon the king. The keeper of the seals of France, officiating as chancellor, ascended the altar, and, placing himself by the side of the Gospels, turning his face towards the choir, summoned the peers to the coronation, in the following words: "Monsieur, representing the Duke of Burgundy, come forward to this act," &c. &c. The peers having approached the king, the Archbishop of Rheims took from the altar the crown of Charlemagne, which had been brought from St. Denis, and placed it upon the king's head; immediately the ecclesiastical and lay peers raised their hands to support it there—a truly noble and expressive allegory, but which would be much more accurate, if delegates from the people, also in the same emblematical spirit, sustained the crown. In one of the prayers at this part of the ceremony, an oriental expression of great energy is made use of: "May the king have the strength of the rhinoceros; and may he, like a rushing wind, drive before him the nations of our enemies, even to the extremity of the earth." The crown of Charlemagne, which is preserved in the treasury of the abbey of St. Denis, is of gold, and enriched with rubies and sapphires: it is lined with a crimson satin cap, embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a golden fleur de lis, covered with thirty-six oriental pearls.

After these various ceremonies, the Archbishop Duke of Rheims took the king by the right arm, and, followed by the peers and all the officers of the crown, led him to the throne raised upon a platform, where he seated him, reciting the enthroning prayers. In the first of these, it is said: "As you see the clergy nearer than the rest of the faithful to the holy altars, so ought you to take care and maintain it in the most honourable place." On concluding the prayers prescribed for the occasion, the prelate took off his mitre, made a profound bow to the king, and kissed him, saying, *Vivat Rex in æternum* (may the king live for ever!) The other ecclesiastical and lay peers also kissed the king, one after the other, and, as soon as they were returned to their places, the gates of the church were opened; the people rushed in, in a mass, and instantly made the roofs resound with shouts of, "Long live the king!" which were re-echoed by the crowd of persons en-



gaged in the ceremony, who filled the enclosure of the choir like an amphitheatre; an irresistible impulse gave rise to a clapping of hands, which became general; the grandees, the court, the people, animated by the same enthusiasm, expressed it in the same manner.

'The queen, exceedingly affected, could not withstand the impression it made upon her, and was obliged to withdraw for a short time. When she made her reappearance, she, in her turn, received a similar homage to that offered by the nation to the king.

'While all resounded with exclamations of joy, the fowlers, according to a very ancient usage, set at liberty in the church a number of birds, which, in recovering their freedom, expressed the effusion of the monarch's favours upon the people, and that men are never more truly free than under the reign of an enlightened, just, and beneficent prince.'

### ORIGINAL.

#### THE PILGRIMAGE.

'If I could not do better, I would fasten my affections upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress with which to connect myself; I would court their shade, cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and, when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them \*.'

Whether it was reading this passage frequently in early life, when the tender and romantic, in every sentiment, finds an answering chord in the bosom; or whether the personal merits of the objects inspired our passions, we will not venture to affirm: but it is certain we have, for the last nine years, had a peculiar preference and glowing admiration for two noble chestnut-trees, and, under every varying circumstance, have not failed to visit them during that period; especially at those times when their annual luxuriance of beauty rendered them the more impressive. We have crept in a state of so much weakness thither, as to leave little reason to suppose our homage would ever be again renewed; we have gone under such oppression of spirits, from sorrow and misfortune, as to prove that we looked to them for consolation; and we have visited them also in days of health and hope, with imagination afloat in our minds, and benevolence warming our hearts, as if we were capable of bestowing that emotion of pleasure upon them which they had so often imparted to us. It will be evident to every person of feeling, that objects which have necessarily awakened in us that pure devotion which, in contemplating all objects of natural grandeur and beauty, leads us 'from nature up to nature's God,'—that spring of fancy which is the youth of the soul, and that tone of affection which leads the heart, in its general good-will, to embrace even inanimate nature, have no slight hold on memory and sensibility. It will be, therefore, no way surprising that, on Saturday morning, when our labours were passed, and the sun shining gloriously even into the narrow streets and sequestered studies of the city, we determined

\* Yorick's Sentimental Journey.

hastily to set out on a pilgrimage to our beloved trees, which we rightly adjudged would be arrayed in all their charms to receive us—charms which we are so far from desiring to be our exclusive property, that we heartily wish every luckless wight, imprisoned by pen and paper, could share them with us.

Under the delightful influences of hope and expectation, and that agitation of spirits which is the prelude to calmness, we made the best of our way to Piccadilly, and achieved a piece of good fortune in procuring the one vacant place afforded by that constantly-loaded vehicle, a Richmond coach. All good luck (were it even the gathering a pin at the moment when we have need of one) has an agreeable effect, and this circumstance increased our sense of pleasure in the velocity of conveyance, and the universal spread of summer and its numerous beauties. The sky was warm, the air bland and refreshing, and, where it met our cheek after sweeping the blue bosom of the rippling Thames, absolutely invigorating. On every side, flowers, shrubs, and trees, were loaded with foliage, rich with perfume, and, as we thought, more beautiful than we had ever beheld them. It is certain that few years, in our memory, have been equally luxuriant, and none ever exceeded the present.

In due time we arrived at Richmond,—busy, gay, idle, active Richmond. Surely, in the days when it was 'Royal Sheen,' it never shone with more brilliancy; for the streets were full of carriages and pedestrians, the river studded with boats, the gardens blooming with gay parterres, and the whole scene full of that lively bustle and careless satinterring which belong to the wealth and splendour of village aristocracy. It was, however, too much like that which we had left, to supply us with that which we wanted; and, after alighting near the bridge, we pursued our way up the hill, and then trod, with fondly-gazing looks, down the woody road to Petersham.

Every step, even in this populous neighbourhood, drew us farther from the haunts of men, yet without for a moment diminishing the cheerfulness of the scene; on the contrary, we attained solitude without gloom, and the majesty of nature without its severer features. We had neither mountains nor rocks, the vastness of sterile wilds, nor the awfulness of abrupt precipices; but there was a calm sense of magnificence impressed on the mind, from the actual perfection of the scene, so far as it went. The gentle green slope, on which the light flickered among the shadows of ancient and lofty trees, the distant catches of the shining river, and the universal music of the groves, uninterrupted by any sound that was not in perfect unison, enabled us to feel that we were now indeed in the country. Our eyes reposed on that emerald green, which at once gratifies and improves the power of vision; our soul inhaled the united sense of freedom and of serenity, and gave itself up to that reality of enjoyment which, in its delicious dreaminess, its fulness of comfort and admiration, sometimes becomes oppressive from its own intensity, and approaches to a soft voluptuous melancholy.

This emotion at least overtook us when, having passed the princely purlieus of Petersham, we entered the stately avenues of Ham House, and felt still more cut out of the common society and occupations of life, from being surrounded with trees beneath whose shade generations long passed away have walked and gazed with sensations resembling our own. There is nothing, in the whole range of this delightful district, so striking, so interesting, as this house and its environs, for it presents us a picture, more perfect than even Hampton Palace, of the taste of the times in which it was the favourite retreat of royalty, the focus of that wit and gaiety which surrounded the second Charles as his proper atmosphere. Perhaps we the rather affix this character to it, because it is forbidden to penetrate beyond the exterior; and its noble terraces, unbroken lines, and gigantic avenues, stimulate while they gratify our curiosity. It is certain that we ourselves revert to a visit once made to this house with more pleasure than any other place of this description, and more earnestly desire to renew it.

Emerging from these walks of vegetable Gothic, the 'long-drawn aisles' and 'dim religious light' of these cathedral groves, the Thames flowed gracefully at our feet, the old tower of Twickenham rose to the left on his opposite banks, and to the right a beautiful copse of Arbele poplars in the pleasure-grounds of Sir George Pococke; whilst, at some distance below, our own beloved chestnuts, our Statiron and Roxana, beamed on the enraptured eye. We lost no time in crossing the ferry, and never saw the softened beams of the descending sun sleep on a finer mirror than the river presented. The distant hill of Richmond, the villas on the bank to which we were hastening, the streaming yellow flowers of the libernum, the rich purple or snowy white of the lilacs, the perfume of countless maythorn blossoms, the softer odour of the lime-trees, the swift motion of light pleasure-boats, or the soft gliding of larger vessels, gave altogether a scene of such exquisite beauty of combinations in gaiety and tranquillity, as were, indeed, of power 'to take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium.'

When we had landed within half a mile of the objects of our search, and which we had approached by a circuit of five times that distance, we hastened forward by a quicker step, and passed many objects of much merit with little attention, until we reached that beautiful green terrace on the Middlesex side, which brought us immediately to the subjects in question. Why we delayed our pleasure, by making that the last which was ostensibly and actually the first thing in our thoughts, we shall not attempt to inquire; but we presume that many lovers know there is sweetness in delay, and some can doubtless perceive the delicacy of our incense, in reserving to the last that super-eminent admiration which, after passing so many that were excellent, could yet, with equal constancy and fervour, lavish upon these the most precious sacrifice.

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they were planted by the hands of Pope himself, stood my noble trees, in all the freshness of youth and the perfection of maturity; tier above tier rose their pink pyramidal flowers, forming each a mountain of sweets, on which birds and insects innumerable found a rich and luxuriant abode, on which every passing eye gazed with delight, every tongue dilated in praise.

It was evening, and, if we loitered till the last songs of the thrush and the blackbird had ceased, and till the very flowers closed their bright eyes in repose;—if, with lingering and pensive step, by the light of a new but most brilliant moon, we then pursued our way to Richmond, scarcely noticing the loveliest of all cottages, formed, half a century ago, by the taste of Lady Diana Beauclerc; or that sweetest of all dwellings, built, not a year ago, by the Venerable Archdeacon Cambridge,—let it not be imputed to us as an error. We had quitted once more the dear unchanged friends, the blooming objects of our fond fantasy; we had renewed 'thoughts too deep for tears,' the memory of days and of feelings that were passed, of thoughts registered in other worlds, and of kind and generous spirits that are there also. We had drunk deep of the cup of 'sweet and bitter,' but yet of most endeared recollection; and a lonely walk, a composing cup of tea, and a quiet chamber, were become necessary for us.

Yet may we venture to end the account of our little pilgrimage to these chestnut Hamadriads in the language of him we adopted to begin it:—'Believe us, gentle reader, a man may do many a worse thing, and find much less pleasure in the doing of it, than in snatching a few hours from the toils and anxieties, the idle cares, and harrassing vanities of life, to visit two fair trees, and in bestowing on them flattery which will never injure, and distinction which will never mislead.'

B.

## NIL-ADMIRARI,

NO. VI.

To combine the *utile* with the *dulci*, and to convey moral instruction while his principal aim seems to be merely to amuse, have ever been the objects of the dramatic satirist; at least, if we may credit those who have written so much respecting the beneficial influence of the stage. It is the successful exposure of the reigning follies, foibles, and extravagancies, of the day, that confers such a value on the admirable performances of our friend, Charles Mathews: we go merely to laugh, and we return with our minds stored with philosophy—not the musty, formal philosophy of the schools, but the philosophy of real life, and of the world in which we actually exist; which, be it observed, is as preferable to the former species as the lawful coin of the realm is to rusty medals. The latter are of no value, except in the eyes of the antiquary; whereas the former is one of the indispensables of every-day life. Mr. Mathews's entertainments are never barren of instruction of this kind; and he must be allowed to have effected more by his pleasantry than more serious and more earnest advisers have been able to do with all their oratory. It was,

therefore, with no small satisfaction that we found him lately directing the keen shafts of his ridicule against a failing so much the more dangerous because it comes to us in the garb of virtue; and because it is one, too, that was so notoriously gaining ground, as to threaten to prove one of the most pernicious scourges to society—we allude to that extreme, and we may add that unnatural, and fanatical, and outrageous passion for charity, which he has so ably and so deservedly lashed, in the character of Mrs. Chyle. Our country readers may, perhaps, stare, and imagine that we are jesting with them; but we can assure them that we were never more serious. They little conceive the height to which the mania for charity had risen in this metropolis, or how it was spreading, with all the fury of an epidemic; they are not aware that it was becoming the fashion for ladies to cut up all their husbands' shirts into rags for the poor, or to starve their own families while they distributed loads of good victuals to idle vagabonds: and, not knowing this, they may be pardoned if they do feel a little surprise that he should have selected such a propensity as the object of his ridicule. But we, who know that the portrait he thus exposed is not in the least exaggerated, and that it is not the portrait of one, or two, or three individuals, but of thousands and tens of thousands,—we, who know that it was becoming the fashion for women to impoverish their husbands, starve their children, and, in short, turn the whole world upside down by their extravagant charities, feel that the satirist who boldly stepped forward to expose this extraordinary mania in all its horrors, and to stem the torrent of the evil, deserves a civic crown at the hands of his fellow-citizens, and, after his death, a statue in St. Paul's, by the side of the benevolent Howard. Yes, truly philanthropic was the design of rescuing so many families from a frenzy as fatal and as ruinous as that which leads to the gaming-table! To such a dreadfully alarming pitch had this preposterous passion risen, that it absolutely threatened to break down all the barriers of society, and to sweep away all the elegancies and charms of fashionable life. Milliners and dressmakers began to find that their business was stagnated, for ladies were too much employed in making clothes for the poor to think of dressing themselves. It was actually become the rage for people of ton to congregate in Newgate, where they seemed to have established their favourite rendezvous; and both Hyde Park and Bond Street were deserted for the Old Bailey, almost the only place where an equipage was to be seen. Instead of purchasing Cashmires, they ruined their husbands in buying blankets for charitable distribution; and—we have it from very good authority, as the newspapers say—Everington was actually on the point of giving away his India shawls, and laying in a stock of the latter unsightly articles, when Mathews gave the contents of his Memorandum-Book to the public, and held up to deserved ridicule those ultra-charitable ladies, who, out of their regard for the poor, render their own husbands shirtless

and dinnerless. Besides, it was high time that some stop should be put to the strange sympathy and commiseration that was displaying itself towards that portion of the community that were enjoyings lodging at the public expense within the walls of our prisons. 'Why,' asked sensible people, 'should reform be principally directed towards those who are suffering the penalty of their ill-conduct, and who have injured society? Why not, first of all, attempt to reform those out of prison; or wherefore should you attempt to render our prisons the abodes of morality?' These and similar questions might, perhaps, have been thus answered:—'Do you, who think that moral reform ought to begin in other quarters, and who, doubtless, are as earnest in the cause of improvement as we ourselves, apply yourselves strenuously to that which you conceive us to have neglected. Do you, who seem so seriously to lament that we are beginning reform at the wrong end, instead of sitting, with your hands before you, whining at our errors, hasten to correct them; and, depend upon it, there will be work enough for us all.' Such might have been a very fair reply to those cavillers who, without attempting to do anything themselves, are angry with others because they do not attempt to accomplish everything, and who would be equally angry with them if they were to do so. If a man sets about correcting the habits of his poorer neighbours, and endeavours to render them more industrious and more moral, he is instantly assailed with a thousand reproaches: 'Why does he not, first of all, attempt to reform the vices of the rich? Why should not a poor man be allowed to ruin himself at a gin-shop, and bring his family upon the parish? Why should we attempt to put down places of low profligacy and debauchery—why affect to be rigid censors towards the lower orders alone, while in high life vice may riot as it pleases?' Now these are doubtlessly very sensible and incontrovertible arguments, and perfectly satisfy us that, until we can effect a simultaneous and equal reform throughout all ranks and grades of society, we ought to attempt it in none. You cannot go into the gallery of a connoisseur, and say, 'This picture is rather too luxurious; that dance of Bacchanals is somewhat gross; that undraped statue is a nudity that ought not to be tolerated.' You cannot say this, and insist upon their being given up as unchaste and immoral objects. Therefore, it is no more than just that you should tolerate grossly indecent and obscene caricatures, publicly exposed at a shop-window. You cannot prevent a scholar from reading Martial or Petronius; therefore it would be highly unjust to attempt to prohibit such edifying publications as the Rambler's Magazine, and retail cheap obscenity for the mob, which is so admirably adapted to vitiate the minds of your own domestics. It is evident that, in order to be consistent, if we cannot put down vice everywhere and in every shape, we ought not to attempt to put it down at all, but rather to place it as much within the reach of the lowest as of the highest. Unless we can put a stop to waltzing, masked



balls, and flirtations in high life, it is the height of injustice to suppress country fairs, or to affect to be more chary of the morals of servant-girls, milliners' apprentices, and country wenches, than of those of our female nobility and ladies of ton. If a duchess may sip her *liqueurs*, why should we be disgusted at seeing an oyster-woman dead drunk with indulging in *blue ruin*? If a nobleman is allowed to run horses at Newmarket, why should not the lower orders be indulged in the brutal sports of cock-fighting and badger-hunting? Surely, the low, the ignorant, and the vulgar, have as much right to be depraved, vicious, and immoral, as the greatest lord or most accomplished gentleman in the land. Consequently, until we can correct the vices of the upper and middling classes of society, every attempt to check profligacy in the lower orders ought to be scouted as a vile and odious species of tyranny. Every real patriot and defender of our liberties must acknowledge that vice ought to be as unrestricted as the air we breathe. Is it the birthright of only privileged orders?—Most assuredly not. Either, therefore, let our moral reformers direct their labours equally against the high as well as the low, or desist from them altogether. What monstrous tyranny is it in them to school only the inhabitants of prisons and poor-houses, when they have not a reproof to utter against the well-bred sinners that are to be found in many a fashionable drawing-room!

We find that we have rambled rather oddly from the topic with which we commenced our paper, but cannot now well return to it, except by here publicly repeating our gratitude to Charles Mathews for the truly public-spirited manner in which he has exposed an evil, which, but for him, many would never have suspected to exist: many, it is evident to all the world, are too Quixotic in the cause of morality, but few had any idea that excessive charity was one of the prevalent enormities of the present day.

#### CANALS IN THE NETHERLANDS—PROPOSED ALTERATION OF THE COURSE OF THE SCHELDT.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—The public mind in the Netherlands is much occupied at this moment with the numerous improvements actually in progress, or projecting, to increase the navigation, and to give an impulse to the commerce of the country: on all sides one hears of little else than the making of sea-ports, the construction of docks, the excavating of canals, or the formation of new *chaussée* (paved roads); whilst the activity of thousands of labourers prove the vigour with which the objects commenced are proceeding.

The grandest of these undertakings may be considered the Canal d'Antoing, now cutting between Mons and Tournay, and that of Terpeuse, also in a state of forwardness, which is to connect the city of Ghent with the sea, and, consequently, to render it a formidable rival sea-port with that of Antwerp. As the former of these undertakings has led to a serious misunderstanding between the

governments of the Netherlands and France, excites considerable interest, and may probably lead to events of incalculable importance, I shall enter somewhat largely on the subject; and, as it is intimately connected with the navigation of the Scheldt, shall, for the purposes of elucidation, trace, from a map, as far as may be necessary, the course of that river. Its source is in the neighbourhood of Honnecourt, department of Cambray, in France; and in the vicinity of Cambray are considerable tributary springs. Its course is, from thence, through Bouchain, Valenciennes, Condé, to the village of Maude, where the Scarpe River falls into it, and from thence crosses the French frontier, and proceeds towards Tournay. At Condé, a branch of the Scheldt stretches out towards Mons, crossing the French frontiers at Nieuville. It is in the neighbourhood of Mons, and, consequently, on this branch of the Scheldt, that exist all the extensive coal-mines of the Netherlands; and, as there is no other water navigation from thence but by the Scheldt, it is evident, as a glance on the map will fully demonstrate, that the craft intended for the interior of the Netherlands must necessarily pass the French frontiers, through Condé, to re-enter the Netherlands, near the village of Maude, and descend the Scheldt to Tournay; and it has been the custom of the French to exact a duty on the coals so passing through Condé. This, although long established, naturally gave rise to the project of cutting a canal from the neighbourhood of the Pits to St. Autoing, to join the main Scheldt a little above Tournay, by which the circuitous route through the French territory, and the French duty, might be avoided. The scheme is of ancient date; and it may well be said, in this case, that 'delays are dangerous:' for the French appear to have taken advantage of the circumstance to the fullest extent. The work was, however, at length commenced, about twelve months ago, and has proceeded with such rapidity, that, although six leagues in length, it is already considered more than half finished.

We now come to the point of dissension between the two governments: the French, displeased at the innovation which deprives France of a duty and navigation established for centuries, now avows the design, which they seem to have had long in contemplation, of turning the course of the Scheldt, so that it may disembogue at Dunkirk.

It is evident that, although only now avowed, this project is by no means a new one: to be assured of the fact, one has only to trace on a map the canals that have been cutting for years past, and are now bringing to perfection, from the Scheldt, at Cambray, to Douay, to Bethune, to Acre, to St. Omer, and Dunkirk, and little will be found wanting to complete the object. The closing of the Scheldt, after it is joined by the Scarpe, at Maude, or the closing of both the rivers, within the fortified towns of Condé and St. Amant, and opening the sluices to allow the discharge of the waters by the new canals upon Dunkirk, with some few necessary precautions, render the completion of the work

one of great facility, and would contribute to make the port of Dunkirk one of the finest in that part of France, instead of its remaining, as it has done, choked up with mud, or cleansed occasionally, at an enormous expense to the country. Nor is this all: the whole system of defence so long practised and calculated upon in the Netherlands, the inundating system, would be, if not entirely impracticable, at least very doubtful in its execution; not to say what would be the result to the inland navigation of the country, which, in summer, is already impeded, in some districts, for want of water.

On the other hand, the government of the Netherlands, already aware of the important consequences that would attend such a measure, are not only projecting, but have actually entered into engagements for the canalizing of the Scheldt and Lys Rivers,—that is, by locks, to keep up the back waters, as much as possible, in every direction, from the frontiers, even to the port of Antwerp.

Ghent, May 16, 1825.

J. D.\*

#### THE DRAMA.

THE benefits having commenced at both the winter theatres, further novelties are not to be expected. At Drury-Lane Theatre, however, a new farce, called *Grandpapa*, was produced on Wednesday night, and, though unequivocally condemned by the audience, was repeated on the following evening; but the boxes and benches got thinner every minute of its performance. With a senseless plot it combines a pointless dialogue, and we should as soon have expected to see Terry spouting fire at Bartholomew fair, in the shape of a green dragon, like Elkanah Settle, as to find him submitting to play the character assigned to him in this farce.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Shakspeare's *As you Like it* has been extremely well played at this theatre, during the week. Madame Vestris is a very animated Rosalind, and she is admirably supported by Dowton's Touchstone, and the talents of Mrs Humby, a lady who must be domiciliated on the London stage.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—Mathews has begun to talk of last nights; and the theatre, in consequence, is crowded every time he appears; but this, indeed, it has been all the season, and yet his admirers are neither exhausted nor satiated. Nothing, we presume, but the commencement of the regular season at this house, would interrupt a career so successful.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### SWEET FIFTEEN.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JUN. ESQ.

How clear our sky at sweet fifteen,  
How all-delightful life's young ray:  
No sorrows cloud the sunny scene,  
Save the brief sorrows of a day,—

\* We feel much obliged to our intelligent correspondent, at Ghent, for his interesting account of meditated changes of so much importance, and shall be happy to receive the further information he so kindly promises.—ED.

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The  
Bards  
masons  
attende



Sorrows which, as the summer shower  
But chastens Flora's latent smile,  
Weigh down Hope's first, Youth's fairest flower,  
Yet bid its leaves expand the while;  
For not e'en Sorrow's mournful mein  
Can chill Hope's flower at sweet fifteen.

Let stoics praise the riper joys  
Of manhood—when they come, 'tis well;—  
I love the smile no care alloys,  
The smile youth's hours alone can tell.  
I love to seek the hawthorn hedge  
Where violets breathe their sweet perfume,  
Or wander by the lake's green sedge  
And mark the yellow iris bloom—  
For they recall each fairy scene  
I used to love at sweet fifteen.

Who can those golden hours forget?  
Who has not own'd, in after-life,  
When Hope's bright ray in tears hath set,  
Veil'd by the tempest-clouds of strife—  
Who has not own'd how pure a bliss  
Was his ere manhood bade him leave  
His rural bower—his Delia's kiss—  
To smile by day, by night to grieve?  
Who has not own'd it had not seen  
The hours I saw at sweet fifteen.

Those hours are past, and other cares  
And other pursuits claim me now—  
A wife my hopes, my sorrows, shares,  
And gilds or clouds a parent's brow.  
Oh! it is sweet to gaze upon  
And mark the infant's smiling face—  
To list each fond endearing tone,  
And all a mother's features trace!  
This has indeed a solace been  
For the lost joys of sweet fifteen.

Time has been when I joyed to twine  
The rose around the lily's stem,  
Or trained the prurient eglantine,  
And smiled, and only thought of them.  
But mine are now far fairer flowers  
Than those my careful hand once deck'd—  
As they entwine the summer bowers,  
My arms her tender form protect;  
And, oh! may each bloom fair and green  
As either bloom'd at sweet fifteen!

Mine's now the weightier task, 'to teach  
The young idea how to shoot'—  
To watch each mental blossom, each  
Spring-frost that else might chill the root:  
Yet, Sylvia, yet how few there are  
That train the tree as nature shows—  
Hence, all unpruned and void of care,  
Instead of fruit, behold! but boughs:  
Far better such had never been  
But what they were at sweet fifteen.

Then let us not repine, for,—tho'  
Youth and its joys are fled, are past—  
We're like the sailor at the prow,  
Who gains a port when tempest toss'd.  
For, tho' the storms of life may rage,  
They rage in vain for thee and me;—  
Each other's arms—our port—assuage  
The billowy waves, while blithe and free  
Our children laugh and smile, I ween,  
As we once smil'd at sweet fifteen.  
Temple, May 15th, 1825.

### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MASSENBURGH, a tale, in three volumes, is on the eve of publication.

The Eisteddod, or Meeting of the Welsh Bards and Minstrels, took place at Freemasons' Tavern on Monday last, and was attended by a numerous and brilliant assem-

blage of rank and fashion. Several well-executed airs, glees, &c were given by Miss Carew, Master Parry, Atkins, Collyer, Miss George, Master Smith. Between the first and second parts of the concert, the prize medals were distributed to the successful candidates. A medal was also given to Mr. John Parry, editor of the Welsh Melodies, 'as a tribute to his eminent services, in preserving the national music of Wales, and in rendering it attractive to the world.'

We learn by letters from Paris, that a contract has been concluded with the French government, by certain individuals, for making a road between Vincennes and Vitry, on the *systeme Mar Adam*, as it is called in the official documents. Thus Mr. M'Adam is really to have the honour of giving his name to the continental roads, as he has already done to those of our own islands. This is indeed to become a Colossus of Roads! In fact, our imitative neighbours, the French, seem resolved to adopt all our improvements. They have already steam-boats, gas-works, and much of our machinery. Suspension-bridges are erecting. Then, as to rail-ways, a company, at the head of which are the great bankers Lafitte, Lapanouze, Mallets, André, and Cottier, has just been formed for the purpose of constructing these useful modes of transport, in any part of France where they may be required. There are two thousand shares, of 5,000 francs (£200.) each; and it is understood, that the first attempt will be to form a railway from Rouen to Paris. Here, however, there will be a competition, for another company, which has a *brevet d'importation* for Thompson's principle, has engaged to carry goods from Rouen to Paris (seventy-five miles) in twelve hours. Probably the French ministers may next session apply to the Chambers for a law authorizing the government to engage for the construction of rail-roads, with such companies as may offer the most advantageous terms to the public. It is evident from the eagerness with which monied men of all parties in France, and the best information, engage in undertakings for the success of which peace is indispensable, that they all calculate the peace of Europe is not likely to be disturbed; and the late financial measures of the French government coincide to prove the justice of this expectation.

The modern literary fancy, if it may not be dignified with the term literary pursuit, of collecting autographs, has, within the last twenty years, very considerably increased in importance, and, from occasionally giving interest to the glazed leaves of a lady's album, has now obtained character and place for a distinct portfolio in the gentleman's study. The sale of occasional collections has, from time to time, announced to the public an increasing value of those literary bijoux. But we are not aware of any collection so large, curious, and valuable, being sold publicly as the 'Manuscript Historical Documents' announced, by Mr. Sotheby, for sale next month. As this collection was made in Holland, it must be expected to be formed principally of the productions of foreigners; yet amidst their high mighti-

nesses are intermingled our Queen Elizabeth, King James, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, Charles I. Queen Henrietta Maria, King William, the Earl of Essex, Sir Henry Vane, the Dukes of Albemarle and Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and the most distinguished foreigners, from Louis XIV. down to Madame de Stael.

### THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Crantz, in his History of Greenland, gives the following simple and beautiful reasoning on the belief of a Deity, in a conversation between a Greenlander and a Danish missionary:—'It is true,' says the Greenlander, 'we were ignorant heathens, and knew little of a God till you came: but you must not imagine that no Greenlander thinks about these things. A kajak (a boat) with all its tackle and implements, cannot exist but by the labour of man, and one who does not understand it would spoil it. But the meanest bird requires more skill than the best kajak, and no man can make a bird. There is still more skill required to make a man: by whom then was he made? He proceeded from his parents, and they from their parents. But some must have been the first parents. Whence did they proceed? Common report says they grew out of the earth: if so, why do not men still grow out of the earth! and from whence came the earth itself, the sun, the moon, and the stars? Certainly there must be some Being who made all these things—a Being more wise than the wisest of men.'

D. B.

### HUMOROUS EPITAPHS.

#### ON THE PARSON OF THE PARISH.

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,  
For, sure, if he'd lived, he had buried us all.

#### ON A COLLAR-MAKER'S WIFE.

Here lies Anne Carter,  
Wife of John Carter,  
Who slept her neck out of the collar  
Mensis Maii 6, Anno 1728.

#### ON STEPHEN, THE FIDDLER.

Old Time and Stephen now are even,—  
Stephen beat time, and Time has beat Stephen.

#### ON A LAWYER.

God works wonders now and then—  
Here lies a lawyer, an honest man.

#### ON PETER RANDOLPH.

Here lies Randolph Peter,  
Of Oriel, the eater;

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE review of the Supplement to Pope's work, and the second notice of Bayley's History of the Tower, are deferred to our next, when J. W.'s Defence of Dramatic Entertainment shall appear.

The 'Village Bells' do not exactly chime with our taste.

Owing to the carelessness of our good friend, Asmodeus, whose hand-writing is not the most easily deciphered, or to some other cause, no matter what, his lines on the reception of the Duke of Northumberland at Calais, in his last ramble, were not correctly printed. The second verse should read thus:—

'The cause, perhaps, we may explain—

In war, our shot to France we freely gave;  
But took her cannon—few remain,  
And those she wisely wants to save.'



## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon	11 o'clock Night	Barom 1 o'clock Noon	Weather
May 20	46	58	50	30 24	Fair.
.... 21	46	64	50	.. 20	Do.
.... 22	51	68	55	.. 10	Do.
.... 23	57	74	60	29 95	Do.
.... 24	60	68	55	.. 80	Do.
.... 25	56	66	56	.. 66	Do.
.... 26	55	57	46	.. 70	Cloudy.

Works published since our last notice.—Memoirs of Madame de Hausset, 7s 6d.—Rennell's Sermons, 12s.—Twenty-ninth of May, 3 vols 18s.—Ritson's Life of King Arthur, 10s.—Napoleon's Conversations with Canova, 4s.—Dissertation on the Nature of Value, 7s 6d.—Outlines to Shakespeare's Tempest, 12 plates, 8s.—Mussenburgh, a tale, 3 vols. 21s.—Pennington's Tour through Europe, 2 vols. 30s.—Maps and Plans, illustrative of Herodotus, 10s 6d.—Characters and Opinions, or the Blue Book, 10s 6d.

## MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. (Dedicated by permission, to the King). The Third Part of this work is now ready. The subjects of the plates, in the quarto edition, are, Satan presiding at the Infernal Council, and Sin preventing the Conflict between Satan and Death; and, in the octavo edition, The Conflict between Satan and Death and Heaven, The Rivers of Bliss, &c.

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A Collection of above three thousand Pieces relative to Political Events, from 1700 to 1726, written in French to Jean Vanden Bergh, Deputy of the States General of the United Provinces; Two Volumes, comprising above one hundred and sixty Letters, written to William the First, Prince of Orange, the Archduke Mathias (afterwards Emperor), Maximilian de Bossu, Montmorency de Montigny (assassinated by Philip the Second), and others, from 1572 to 1583.

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See also La Belle Assemblée, Literary Chronicle, News of Literature, &c. &c.

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